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THE WORK THAT IS BEST.

Long centuries ago, in a famed city
Across the sea, a great cathedral stood,
A witness to the beauty Art had wrested
From marble, bronze and wood.

One day the sunlight, through a slanted window,
Upon a shadowed arch a moment shone,
Revealing unto those whose eyes were lifted
What none before had known.

It was a sculptured face of such transcendent
And utter loveliness, that those who saw
Deemed they had looked upon a Heavenly vision,
And held their breath for awe.

And day by day, for many years thereafter,
Men came from far and near, happy to sit
And wait beneath the arch for the brief sun-ray
That should illumine it.

And felt them repaid for all their waiting
If they could catch, just for a moment's space,
Whereon to speak, to dream, to live, a single
Swift glimpse of that fair face.

This is the story: When the great cathedral
Was being built, one day, with meek respect,
There came a man, aged and feeble, unto
The master architect,

And asked that of the work so sweet and sacred
Some humblest portion might be granted him,
His feebleness and age compassionating,
Yet fearing that his dim,

Uncertain sight and trembling, eager fingers,
Might mar some fair design, some perfect view,
The master, in the high roof's vaulted shadows,
Set him his work to do.

Day after day, with sweet, untiring patience,
In his obscure and humble place he wrought;
From his more highly trusted fellow-workers
Winning scant speech or thought.

At last, one morning, still and cold they found him,
His right hand's cunning gone; the mystic grace
Of death infolding him, his face upturned
Unto that other face

That he had wrought; the face of the one woman,
For so they learned, whom he had loved and lost
In early manhood's prime, e'er care and sorrow
His happy path had crossed.

And as they gazed, the artists and the sculptors,
The craftsmen all, whose skill was making fair
And grand the vast cathedral, on the beauty
So strangely carven there,

"Grandest of all!" they cried; and then they whispered:
"Who works for fame or gold doth something miss:
Unheeding praise or blame, in shadowed silence,
Love hath wrought this!"

"Grandest of all!" they cried, "before whose perfect
Ideal beauty all our boastings cease
Hail to the love that thus for love's sake only
Hath wrought Art's master-piece!"

So in the Temple of the Ages, builded
Out of men's lives, it comes to every one
Some day to find there is no work so noble
As that which love hath done.

—Carlotta Perry, in N. Y. Independent.

THE WITCH'S ISLAND.

How I Was Handsomely Rewarded for a Little Kindness.

You may look as long as you please for Witch's Island, on any map you choose, without finding it.

It is only a great bare rock, with some grass and a few stunted pine trees at one end, and near them, and in the middle, a little hut, with a roof the shape of an old-fashioned beehive. It had two rooms on the lower floor, and in the dome a loft or garret. Each room had a window, and the loft two round holes at either end. In all the windows, instead of panes of glass squares of mica had been cunningly set. The chimney was in the middle, and arranged to warm both lower rooms, which were semi-circular. The outer walls were built of stone. Within all was smooth as an earthern pot and of a very dark brown; nobody knew what had been done to it.

The story of its building was this: Many, many years before a queer little man had come to town. He was yellow as a Chinese, but was not of that nation. He had a bag with him, which he carried on his back. When he was spoken to he grunted and nodded. Having walked down to the shore he stood looking at the island for awhile, and then went to the baker's shop and pointed to a loaf and laid some pennies on the counter. The baker took five of them and gave him the loaf. After this he returned to the shore and bought an old boat and rowed out to the island. Every day he rowed in for his bread and to fill a black jug with whisky, and they often saw him fishing. Shortly he was noticed building something. It was the hut described. He built it of loose stones that lay about the island, and plastered it with mud, and from that time on seemed to live on bread, whisky, fish and such fruit as was to be found upon the ground in any farming country, in lanes, or after the passing of wagons from the orchards.

In the course of time he died, and the clergyman was rowed over to give him decent burial.

The reverend gentleman was horrified by finding a queer lump of hardened mud in the shape of a squat human figure set up at one end of the room. He declared that this was an idol. In this day people would have carried it away as a curiosity, but in that they fled trembling, and no one ever dared to go over to the island, which at that time was nameless.

I had often rowed across to see it. The idol—if idol it were—had crumbled considerably, but otherwise the house was unaltered. The spring near the door was always fresh and sweet, and the mica had not fallen from the panes. It was a good place to picnic in when we went to the island to fish, and I felt very much provoked when I heard one day that it had become the property of an old woman, Dilsey More by name, who had been the village fortune-teller for years. She had bought the island of the town for a mere song, and soon established herself in the queer little structure, whence she came at intervals to pursue her trade, going from door to door to beguile servant girls of their small change by promises of rich husbands, selling bead necklaces which she manufactured very curiously, and a candy for which she averred she had a special recipe.

I can see her yet, with her eager gypsy face framed in a red hood, her quick step, her long lean arms, and the basket she always carried on her back—a flat basket made for that purpose. I detested her, for she had spoiled my play-place. And the older people spoke of Dilsey as of one whose ways were dark, and who was little better than a heathen in her practices. Shortly they baptized the place the Witch's Island.

I was by this time a tall girl of fourteen and I handled the oars better than many boys. I often rowed around the island, and sometimes saw Dilsey at her door making her bracelets or boiling her candy. All day long I had nothing to do but to enjoy myself. Masters came to teach me in the morning—and that was part of my pleasure, for I loved to learn. I was well and tenderly reared, I am sure, and the liberty accorded me in my actions, though very great, never harmed me.

I was an orphan, my only relative—the only one I had ever known—was my old grandfather. He had been an officer in the late war, and his wound had resulted in a malady which confined him to his bed. There was no lady in the house, and my teachers were all men. An old servant-woman took charge of my bodily comfort, and I did as I liked about social matters. My chief chum had been a boy of my own age whose mother earned her livelihood by doing plain sewing. He was a very handsome little fellow, though his clothes were generally old and patched and darned in a very striking manner. He had had some schooling and I loaned him all my books. A more innocent friendship never existed between two young people, though I suppose, as our social position was so very different, it would never have been permitted had my grandfather been able to be about. As it was, it would soon come to an end, for Rawdon Holly was going to sea. Many of the boys in that part of the country became sailors, and after that we seldom saw much of them.

We were out in our boat together—he and I—one afternoon, when, looking across the water toward Witch's Island, I noticed that all the doors of the hut were shut, and remembered that Dilsey had not been over to the mainland for some days.

There lay her boat tied to its stake, to prove that she had not left the spot.

"Old Dilsey must be sick," I said. "And what on earth can a sick woman do with no one to help her? It takes old Corporal Dodge and a man-nurse to wait on grandpa. I think it is my Christian duty to see what is the matter. Let us row over."

Rawdon agreed with me, and each pulling an oar, we reached the island in a few moments, and advancing to the hut knocked at the door. No one answered, and we opened it. The front room was empty, but in the back room we saw something lying on the floor. It was poor old Dilsey.

"Thank God!" she moaned, as I knelt beside her. "I've lain here three days. I expected to starve to death. That pesky ladder broke under me while I was going up to the loft for yarbs. I ain't had a mouthful for three days. My bones is broke."

I had sense enough not to try to move her. I brought a pillow for her head; sent Rawdon to the mainland for a doctor, and made a bowl of gruel, which I fed Dilsey, so that she was much better when the doctor arrived. She had, indeed, broken several bones, and needed good nursing.

On hearing this I sat down at the little table in the outer room, wrote a note to my grandfather, telling him what had happened, and saying that I should stay with Dilsey until a nurse could be found. This proved a hard task, for the common folk greatly feared "the witch," and could not be brought to enter the hut. I remained with Dilsey a week, and Rawdon rowed over every day with messages from my grandfather, who approved of my action, and, after the nurse came, I crossed daily to supervise her. Dilsey got about at last, but found herself unable to use the oars, and very often after that I took my boat to the island to take her to the mainland.

She expressed her gratitude in few words, but frequently added: "You'll never regret it."

One day I missed her from her door, and, thinking I might be needed, went up to the house again, this time alone, for Rawdon had sailed away. I found Dilsey in bed, a placid look upon her face and her cheek upon her hand. At first I thought she slept, but I could not waken her; she never awoke again.

A day or two after I received a letter from a certain law firm. Dilsey had made her will weeks before, and had left me her island, the hut and all its contents.

I was delighted with the bequest, though it was a great joke in the village, and I resolved that the hut should be well cleaned and made a sort of summer bower of. I took some hardy plants to the island and planted them, and I wrote to Rawdon and told him all about it.

Before Rawdon Holly sailed away we had engaged ourselves to each other.

"A poor sailor is no match for you, I know," he said, "but I'll be captain and owner yet." And I told him that when I was sixteen I would tell grandfather all about him, and that he would, no doubt, let him come to see him in his room.

To this day I do not know what grandfather would have said about Rawdon, for on my sixteenth birthday he lay very ill, and in a few weeks passed away.

I had not thought of his death as near at hand, and I was greatly shocked and deeply grieved, but another shock awaited me. My grandfather, while fully resolved to leave all that he possessed to me, had delayed the making of his will. His property reverted to a brother, who came down to take possession of it. The new owner, Mr. Campion, was a hard-featured man of sixty, with no kindliness of manner to redeem his plain face. He looked at me with disfavor.

"For my part," he said, "I'd never take in other folks' children; but since brother Humphrey did it, I suppose you've got to be taken care of. I shall sell this place, but I'll take you home. You're big enough to help about, and you ought to be grateful enough to do all you can, for I'm not *obliged* to take you or keep you, Miss What's-your-name; I've forgotten what you're called."

"My name is Kathrine," said I. "I've always been called by your brother's name—he must have given it to my father when he adopted me—and I should be ashamed to take this property if I was as rich as you, and knew that it was meant for another person. My dear grandfather—so I *will* call him—said again and again that it was all mine. But law is not justice; so take it and keep it; but as for me—thank you for nothing. I can take care of myself. I have a house of my own, on my own island."

"Eh?" said he.

"You can ask them about my property," said I; and away I went, packed up my clothes and books and keepsakes, and hired a boy to take them to the Witch's Island at twilight.

That night, all alone on a barren rock, with the waves beating about it, I felt lonesome enough I can tell you.

I had a slice of cake with me, and that I ate for supper; and I had brought a little bamboo lounge, that was quite my own, and had a silk cushion upon it, and on that I slept at last; and when day broke I was quite cheerful. I wrote a letter to Rawdon, telling him what I had done, and then I made up my mind to get rid of the lump of mud on the hearth. Dilsey had never moved it; but if it was an idol, I wanted none of it, and it was unsightly, and shapeless enough to make one hate it; and the thing was as hard as a rock and as heavy as iron, and the only way I could manage was to chip off bits with a hatchet and carry them away.

I had removed two or three baskets' full from the sides before I touched the head—somehow the queer, crooked face seemed to frighten me—but at last I shut my eyes and whacked away at what I could fancy was intended for a big ear; and to my surprise, away it flew, as though it had merely been set on the shoulder. And so it was; and the inside of the idol seemed to be hollow, and peeping in, I saw a great iron pot, and in the pot what looked like money. I plunged my hand in; it was money—gold, silver, bank notes, pennies. You can fancy that it was a large sum when I tell you that the pot was quite full; and below the money which I understood, was a quantity of gold and silver coin that I fancied must be very, very old, and some splendid jewels—diamonds and rubies, set curiously, and wrapped in soft paper. I began to think that I was dreaming, it seemed too much like an old fairy tale to be true. I crammed all the treasure back into the pot, and went out into the fresh air, carrying with me a note I had found amongst the silver. This is what it said to me:

"With your tidy ways you'll be sure to clear away the ugly figure on the hearth. Even I went at it, but I found what you'll find, that it was only a hiding place for treasure. The jewels and gold were all there, and I put my savings on top of them. The jewels are very costly, they would make any one rich by themselves. The queer old man who built the hut must have hid them, and I bought whatever was on or in the island. You can see that in the records. I used to laugh to think how much richer I was than anybody about, and I made up my mind to leave it to you while you were nursing me. The old witch hadn't many friends. I could tell you my life if I had time—I had a story. I could have looked better and lived better, and used better language if I had chosen, as you can see by this writing. But I could not read my own future. I can see some of yours. You'll come to be glad to have this but for a refuge, but you are lucky in love. May the treasure do you more good than it has ever done any one else. Good bless you.
"DILSEY."

I told no one of what I had found, and folks were very kind. Many a boat came over full of comforts for the poor little girl they thought me. Many a home was offered to me; but, though I got to know and love my neighbors, I staid where I was.

If I was lucky in love, I should soon know it, for Rawdon was coming back, and when his ship came in he only stopped to kiss his mother before he crossed to the island.

How handsome he looked, and how happy! He took me in his arms.

"Kathrine, my dear," he said, "I'm far from being captain and owner yet, but I'll do my best by you. You must marry me before I sail again."

And then I knew that he loved me for myself.

"Take me, if you want me," I said, giving him my hand.

And so one morning we all went to church together—Rawdon and his mother and I—and there was I married to my sailor.

In the evening we went back to our island, and when we stood at the door of the hut the queer old idol seemed to wink at me.

"Do you remember the fairy tale we read of a monster that frightened every one, but when his head was cut off he changed into a handsome young prince?" said I.

"Very well," said Rawdon. "You read it to me on this island, when we were little children."

"Exactly," said I. "Now you may not believe me, but cut off that monster's head and he will be as ugly as ever, but you and I will change into a sort of prince and princess. Take something and give him a good whack."

"I don't understand what you mean, but I'll do it," said Rawdon.

Then he picked up a poker and struck the big ear just where I had hit it with the hatchet. Off flew the head, and there lay the treasure, and we danced about the hut, laughing together like a couple of children.

"We can buy back grandfather's place," said I. "And you shall not sail the sea and risk your life; and your mother's toil is over; and I think we'll be the happiest couple alive. You thought you were marrying a girl without a penny, and you see I'm the Princess of Witch's Island, after all."—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

HUMOROUS.

—There is no more reason for writing obituaries in a dead language than for writing notices of bankruptcy in broken English.—Life.

—How it worked: Carper—"So you've been trying the faith cure?" Harper—"Yes." Carper—"Cure you?" Harper—"Yes—of my faith."—Puck.

—That electricity was known in early Biblical times is proved by the fact that Noah first made the ark light on Mount Ararat.—Baltimore American.

—Little Flaxen Hair—"Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand)—"Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly)—"I was going to."—Clothiers' Monthly.

—It is always well to be calm, even in moments of great and intense excitement, but few men can compass it when the nurse smilingly announces that it is twins.—Terre Haute Express.

—Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you."—Texas Siftings.

—Managed to roll along: First hoop-snake—"Times are pretty hard, aren't they!" Second ditto—"Yes, but I manage to make both ends meet." And putting his tail in his mouth he went away.—Lawrence American.

—Single Gentleman—"Have you any marriageable daughters?" Landlady—"Two lovely creatures — one lovely blonde and—" Single Gentleman—"Excuse me, madam. I make it a rule never to board in a house unless the landlady's daughters are married. Good morning."

THE VANQUISHED MAN.

Who speaks of freedom's joy to me
In accents brave?
Ah, let who will, or can, be free;
I am a slave!

No chains my limbs or body fret
With twist and twinge—
No dungeon walls all 'round me set,
And yet I cringe,

I bend, I bow, I sneak, I slink,
I crawl and creep;
I scarcely ever get a wink
Of quiet sleep.

Above my breath I dare not speak,
Upstairs I steal,
Fearful my shoes might chance to squeak,
Or door hinge squeal—

You wonder why my manhood bows
Thus basely low?
There's a new baby in the house—
Now, do you know?

—M. S. Bridges, in Puck.

INDIAN DANCES.

Ceremonious and Social Observances of the Red Man.

The Most Important and Interesting of Which Are Now Obsolete—Civilization Accounted Responsible for the Change.

The publication recently of the performance of the medicine dance brings out the fact that the Indian dances and ceremonies are almost obsolete. It is true that on rare occasions the savage tribes indulge in some ceremonial dance, but the round of pleasure that a few years ago marked the Indians' year is gone forever, and many dances that were formerly often seen will never be witnessed again, for while there are still many wild Indians, each tribe has its distinctive dances, and with the civilization of a tribe or its extinction came the loss of its peculiar dances.

The Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Sioux Indians were the most noted among the red men for their dances, both as regards the variety and number of good dancers. An investigation reveals the fact that now dances are of rare occurrence, and when they are performed it is done in a perfunctory manner, as though it was all duty and no pleasure. The contrast with the conditions of things in the same tribes ten years ago is striking, and this decadence of Indian ceremonial has caused an inquiry into the old rites.

Living near Leavenworth is an old Arapahoe chief, who is peacefully ending his days in a good, civilized manner. He was noted for his great agility in the dance, and to such an extent were his performances remarkable that his name of Black Wolf had been transformed by the French trappers into La Loup Cavier, or the Leaping Wolf. Knowing his former fame he was sought and asked to give some information regarding the dances in which he took part. The old Indian was slow to start, but as he became interested, he was animated with the recollections of his youthful days, and, with flashing eyes, he almost seemed to renew his youth as he recounted the achievements of his race. The substance of his talk was gleaned and is here given.

There are three kinds of Indian dances: Religious ceremonial, secular ceremonial and social. The hoch-e-a-yum or medicine dance of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes is identical with the famous sun dance of the Sioux, and all the wild tribes had a dance which represented the same idea, but in the more warlike tribes the dance was followed by horrible tortures. These tortures were accepted as the tests of endurance, which is looked upon as the loftiest human virtue. These tortures are not part of the hoch-e-a-yum, but take place at the close of that ceremony. Twenty years ago when an Indian youth desired to leave the ranks of childhood he was obliged to go through an ordeal as brutal and bloody as it was possible for Indian ingenuity to conceive. At that time there were volunteers for torture at the close of every medicine dance. They were generally young men, but on rare occasions an older warrior would desire to expiate some wrong and would do so through self-torture. Those who volunteered for the torture did not join the dance, but spent the few days immediately preceding the trial in fasting and seclusion.

The old men and the medicine chief decided when the proper time had arrived, and sent for the volunteers one by one. They were stripped to the breech-clout and were examined carefully to ascertain what amount of suffering they could endure without fatal consequences. When all had been looked over certain religious ceremonies were performed, and the medicine chief took a broad-bladed knife and approached the line. On some he would make two vertical incisions on each breast, about two inches apart, passing the knife through the pectoral muscles. The portion between the incisions would be lifted up and the ends of horse-hair rope passed through and fastened to pieces of wood. The free end of the rope was then fastened to the top of the lodge pole, giving the Indian about ten feet play. Sometimes the incisions were made through the muscles of the back and the ropes attached to blocks of wood or buffalo skulls. Others were dragged up into the air and left to hang until their weight and struggles tore out the flesh and released them.

In this condition the sufferers remained without food or water until by their own effort, or the softening of their tissues, they were able to tear themselves loose from the ropes. Each man would make most strenuous efforts to free himself. They realized that it was best to tear loose as soon as possible, not only as a quicker end of their torture, but also from a religious point of view, as it was "good medicine" to tear loose at once, but "bad medicine" to be a long time about it. As soon as the victim was freed he was examined by the medicine chief, and religious ceremonies were gone through with, after which the wounds were dressed and the warrior received the congratulations of his friends.

Should any one flinch from the knife or cry out or show any signs of suffering during the progress of the trial he was released at once and was thereafter a disgraced man. He was held in great contempt, could neither hold property nor marry, and was made to do women's work. These ceremonies were common to all wild Indians, although under different names. At times some warrior would announce that on a certain day he would undergo the torture in expiation of some deed which he had committed. A pliant pole was planted, and after the rope was run through the incisions the other end would be tied to the top of the pole which was bent over for the purpose. This is the most exasperating form of the torture, for the pole would give with his struggles, but at the same time retain its ghastly hold, and the victim would frequently be several days freeing himself.

As a rule each tribe had at least one purely religious dance each year. If a tribe was in good circumstances they sometimes had two or more. Of all the ceremonial dances the medicine dance took precedence, and the scalp dance came next in importance. This always occurred the day following the return of a successful war party and was only participated in by the members of that party. Before the dance a ceremony was performed by the warriors who took the scalps, no one else being permitted to be present or to see what was done. The Indians who took part in this would sit in a close circle and during the ceremony the scalps would be trimmed and cleared of all fleshy matter and the skin cured. Each scalp was then stretched on a wooden hoop and the hair dressed. After this each warrior attached his scalps to a small pole. This ceremony was looked upon with great reverence and was preparatory to the scalp dance. When it had been finished all the warriors marched in single file back to the camp and planted their poles with the dangling scalps in a circle in the center of the spot chosen for the dance. Those who had scalps were then joined by the others of the party who had taken part in the fight and had won the right to participate in the dance.

All assembled around the circle facing the poles. A signal was given, all the warriors joined hands and commenced a monotonous song, keeping time with slow steps while turning about the scalps. As the dance progressed the warriors loosed their hands, and whoops and yells were interspersed in the song. Wilder and wilder became their actions, and they leaped and bounded in the air, brandishing their weapons until they had worked themselves into an intoxication of mad excitement. Suddenly one of the dancers would spring to the center of the circle, and, in the vainglorious language of his race, recount his story, and by his actions go through the performance of taking the scalps over again. When each one who had taken a scalp had finished his story, each of the others who had been in the war party would recount his action and tell of the great deeds he had performed and at the same time tell how the influence of the "Bad God" had prevented him from acquiring any scalps. This was continued until each dancer had time to recount all his wonderful exploits, and by this time the whole band was wild with frenzy.

These two were the great ceremonial dances of all the wild tribes. The Sioux and the Navajoes had a dance which was called the "green corn dance," from the fact that it was in honor of the ripening of the ears of corn. In this both men and women participated, and it was a test of chastity as well as a religious ceremony. This dance had a counterpart among the Seminoles, but their rites ended in the wildest voluptuary orgies.

But it was in the social dance that the Indians of all tribes took the greatest delight. The social side of the Indian has been so little written about that to the popular mind he is only known as a taciturn individual who never laughs nor has any amusement. This is wonderful from the fact that the Indian race takes more enjoyment in pleasure than any other portion of the human family, and the social dance has such attractions that men and women will ride many miles to participate in them. It is in these dances that many courtships are carried out, and not only do the younger members of the tribes get their partners for life, but often the arrangements are made by which a woman transfers her affections from one husband to another.

One of the most noted and most favorably received dances is the kissing dance, or dance of love. This is participated in by both sexes, and many an opportunity is given to kiss the object of the affections while none may say nay. The husband must stand perfectly unmoved while he sees his wife lavish endearments on some other man, and any show of resentment on his part either then or thereafter brings down on his head the censure of the whole tribe.

Probably the most curious, and at the same time most unusual of all dances was the begging dance. It required two tribes who had been at war, and who had become friendly, in order to consummate the dance, which was a surprise upon one of the tribes. All of the warriors of one tribe rush suddenly into the camp of the other, yelling and firing guns, with every semblance of a furious attack. The assaulted Indians recognize the nature of the infliction and form a circle in the center of the camp. At a signal the attacking party lays aside its arms and performs a series of dances, during the progress of which the dancers spring from the circle and each seizes a warrior from the other tribe, whom he hugs with every evidence of affection. Each Indian receiving such an embrace is required by custom to make a present to the one who embraces him, and, as he is expected to be liberal, a begging dance is generally looked upon as being as grave a calamity as a hostile raid.

The dances mentioned were common to all tribes. In addition each tribe had numerous social dances, and in good seasons, when every thing went well with the Indians, at least five nights every week were spent in this pleasure.—C. E. Edwards, in Kansas City Journal.

Gave Him an Idea.

"Pardon me, madam," said the studious-looking man in the sixth row of seats, as he leaned forward at the fall of the curtain on the first act, and spoke politely to the lady sitting in front of him, "but I beg you will not remove your hat."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, flushing with indignation.

"I fancied from the motions of your hands," he resumed with the utmost suavity, "that you were about to remove it. Please do not. Oblige me, my dear madam, by keeping it on."

"You are grossly impertinent, sir!" said the lady, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he replied, with great earnestness. "I am not. I am only a poor inventor and I am making a drawing of your hat as a design for a World's Fair tower."—Chicago Tribune.

—There are professors and students of both sexes at Oberlin College.

LITTLE HELEN KELLER.

Anecdotes Illustrating the Blind Deaf-Mute's Remarkable Intelligence.

Helen Keller has a wonderful memory, and seldom forgets what she has once learned; and she learns very quickly. She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons. But her marvelous progress is not due to her fine memory alone, but also to her great quickness of perception, and to her remarkable powers of thought. To speak a little more clearly, Helen understands with singular rapidity, not only what is said to her, but even the feelings and the state of mind of those about her, and she *thinks* more than most children of her age. The "Touch" schoolmistress has done such wonders for her little pupil that you would scarcely believe how many things Helen finds out, as with electric quickness, through her fingers. She knows in a moment whether her companions are sad, or frightened, or impatient—in other words, she has learned so well what movements people make under the influence of different feelings that at times she seems to read our thoughts. Thus, when she was walking one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once: "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that sound (i. e., noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, the ears; and deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations. Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It has never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking-glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use.

The little maid was closely questioned as to how she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice, and spelled, "I think."

I can not forbear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do it very cleverly. On a certain Sunday she went to church with a lady named Mrs. Hopkins, having been cautioned beforehand by her teacher that she must keep very quiet during the church service. It is very hard to sit perfectly still, however, when you can't hear one word of what the minister is saying, and little Helen presently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. Hopkins told her, and reminded her of Miss Sullivan's injunction about keeping quiet. She immediately obeyed, and turning her head in a listening attitude, she said: "I listen."—Florence Howe Hall, in St. Nicholas.

AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Men Who Try to Kill Themselves Are Not Always Insane.

"I don't agree with those who claim that a man must be crazy in order to commit suicide," observed a venerable citizen the other day. "I remember one instance that came under my personal observation a good many years ago, which convinced me that a man will attempt to kill himself and yet be perfectly sane at the time. We were all sitting around in the bar-room of a hotel in an interior town of the State. One of the boys, known as 'Jim,' finally rose from his seat and said: 'Well, boys, have a drink with me. I'm going away soon and don't expect to be back.' We all stepped up to the bar. Every one took whisky. Jim seemed as good-natured and cheerful as ever. Before drinking his whisky he fished up a piece of paper from his pocket, and, unfolding it, displayed a white powder, which he proceeded to pour into his whisky. He remarked as he did so: 'This is quinine, which I am taking to break up my cold.' We then resumed our seats around the fire, Jim included. No one thought any thing of the incident until Jim got up from his chair and said: 'I am feeling very bad, boys, and I guess I'd better go home.' Then he went out. Even then none of us suspected any thing. Shortly after I started up street. I had gone only a few rods when an acquaintance stopped me and asked if I had heard about Jim committing suicide. I said no. Suddenly it flashed across me that I had seen him take the powder. I ran over to the doctor's house, where I was told Jim had been taken. I found the doctor and another man engaged in dragging Jim up and down the room and trying to make him walk. He had taken morphine instead of quinine. They asked me to take a hand. I did so, but after lugging him around once I dropped him in disgust. If he was fool enough to kill himself, I said to the doctor, he might die for all me.

"After working over him for three or four hours the doctor managed to pull him through. He admitted that he had tried to kill himself because his best girl had gone to a dance with another fellow. Jim was so ashamed of himself that he left town soon after."—Detroit Free Press.

Told the Truth for Once.

Giles—I'm glad I let that fellow have the small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude, and said he could never repay me.

Merritt—That was strange. He told you the truth.—Harper's Bazar.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 31, 1890.

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

To the members of the Democratic County Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—There seems to be a prevailing opinion among Democrats, that a change should be made in our system of nominating candidates for office. It is urged that the present system has damaged the party in the county and that a like result has followed its adoption in all the other counties where it prevails. I have been repeatedly urged by prominent Democrats throughout the county, who have no other interest in the matter than the good of the party, to call the County Committee together, for the purpose of considering the propriety of retaining the present, or adopting the old delegate system. Therefore, I will ask what seems to be a popular demand, that the members of the Democratic County Committee, meet at the Armory Hall, in Ebensburg, on Monday the 24th day of February 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of deliberating on this and other matters of interest to the party. I would further suggest that each member of the County Committee, consults his constituents on the subject, so that any action taken by the Committee would be endorsed by the party. JOSEPH A. GRAY.

Chairman of the Democratic Committee

Carrolltown, Pa., January 21, 1890.

A French engineering company proposes to bridge the Bosphorus.

THE flag of the new Republic of Brazil was first seen in New York Harbor on Monday of last week.

ONE of the first bills introduced in Congress at the present session provided for the expenditure of $126,000,000 during the next twelve years for coast defenses.

ADAM FOREPAUGH, the famous showman, died in Philadelphia, last week, from La Grippe. He was aged 68. He leaves a son who will continue the show business.

NELLIE BLY reached New York Saturday at 3: P M., having completed her tour of the world in 72 days. 6 hours and 10 minutes. She was given an enthusiastic reception.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has consented to open the public library and art gallery buildings presented by Andrew Carnegie to the city of Allegheny, Pa. The ceremony will take place some time next month.

THE Senate, Wednesday, after a long discussion, recommitted the bill to require the Superintendent of the Census to ascertain what percentage of the people own their own farms, the number under mortgage and the amount thereof.

EX CONGRESSMAN R. G. HORR, of Michigan, although an ardent Republican, has become disgruntled with President Harrison's policy. He says that the general opinion of the men whom he has met in his travels over the country is that President Harrison has weakened rather than strengthened the Republican party.

FOR a man who has been elected once to the Pennsylvania State Senate and who did not cut a very wide swath when there, it was laying it on pretty thick for Captain Thomas Davis at the Republican Convention on Monday last, to point to that "*able and brilliant statesman*, Hon. George W. Delamater." Delmater, is a banker at Meadville, who is more noted for his boodle than his statesmanship and Captain Davis should be more careful in giving out his diplomas.

"THE American Federation of Labor" says the Chicago *Herald*, "has asked that the next census include the number of men in the United States that are out of work. But it won't do it. The statistics of idle workingmen to whom Protection has promised to give steady employment will be as carefully omitted from the census as those of the mortgages which Protection has compelled farmers to put on their farms. The protected monopolies did not get Porter appointed Superintendent of the Census to collect any such figures."

THERE will be an exciting election in the Fourth Senatorial district in Ohio on Tuesday next. A Senator is to be chosen to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of a Democratic Senator. If a Republican should be elected it would tie the Senate and give the Republican Lieutenant Governor a casting vote. As important political legislation is depending, the struggle for mastery will be strenuous. Both parties have put strong men in nomination, and as the district is a close one nothing is lacking to make the contest furious.

THE Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, has prepared a bill for the perpetuation of National Banks, which he will introduce in the House at the first opportunity. The bill provides for the issue of $300,000,000 2 per cent. bonds, to run fifty years and to be used exclusively as a basis for National bank circulation. The proceeds from the sale of the bonds are to be applied to the redemption of bonds now outstanding. The bill has been submitted to Secretary Windom and Controller Lacey, and it is understood that it has their approval.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Kansas City *Times* interviewed ex-President Cleveland at his home in New York a few days ago. Speaking of tariff reform Mr. Cleveland said: "It would be a pity not to carry forward the work which the party has so grandly inaugurated, and there ought to be no halt until the ends aimed at are encompassed and the people are in full possession of the benefits and blessings which an accumulation of inequalities, called into existence by apathy on one side and self interest on the other, have diverted from them." Mr. Cleveland may rest assured the work which the party has so grandly inaugurated will be carried forward. The grasping monopolists should make hay while the sun shines.

THE House of Representatives, says the Pittsburg *Post*, from this week on is likely to be the scene of earnest and sometimes excited partisan contention over the new rules and the contested seats. These matters adjusted, in accordance with the plans of the Republican majority, there will be fair sailing for the various subsidy schemes, the National election law, the Blair $80,000,000 educational bill, navy and fortification appropriations, and possibly some "tinkering" with the tariff, although the opinion is growing there will be no legislation on that subject. The protected interests, and especially the trusts and combinations, are satisfied with matters as they stand.

Both parties have held caucuses and determined on their line of action. The Republicans seem inclined to proceed without rules in the settlement of the contested seats, as in their absence the speaker is absolute in any lengths of injustice so long as a majority sustains his decisions. Having accomplished their ends in this way, according to the reports of their caucuses, "the rigidity of the new code might be relaxed with benefit, and the Republicans thus relieved of the necessity of enacting a code which in time, might perhaps *be felt by themselves with full force.*" This is a frank confession certainly. They propose to carry out their partisan deviltry and injustice, without rules, and this done, and the necessary number of seats stolen by brute force, they will bring forward a set of more moderate rules, so that when the Democrats appear in the Congress with a majority, they will have a precedent of Republican "moderation." This is very thin.

As we recall the facts, in the Forty-seventh Congress, from 1881 to 1883, with the illustrious Keifer as speaker, the Republicans were very much in the fix they are at this time. Their majority was scant and seats had to be stolen to recruit it. The rules were changed to effect this, and when the Democrats came by their own in the next Congress, they did not follow this precedent, but gave to the Republican minority their full rights under the old rules. These they have had in heaping measure, during the last six years under the speakership of Mr. Carlisle, and it is these rights they now cut off from the minority by making an autocrat of the speaker until all their partisan outrages have been accomplished. Let them go ahead. Six years ago a dose of Keifer revolutionized the politics of the House at the first succeeding election, and a stronger dose of Reed will have more pronounced results. But with this difference, the Democrats who come in after the Reed House will insist the Republicans shall take their own medicine.

The congressional history of the country emphasizes the fact that it is not the path of safety for any political party to adopt rules when in a majority whose application they would dread when in a minority. Punishment is sure to come in time, and there is nothing more uncertain and variable in the politics of this country than the political control of the National House of Representatives.

IT was easy to be seen at the Republican County Convention held in Ebensburg, on Monday last, that something more than usual was on hand. One hundred and four delegates at a Republican Convention in Cambria county, startles even the imagination of a person who has been accustomed to see the empty chairs attending their gatherings. Every postmaster in the county was on deck and the patriotic impulse of strangling Hastings beat in unison in their loyal breasts. They were resolved to show Boss Quay that with them, his interests were their interests to the fullest degree.

The resolution instructing the delegates from this county to vote for Delamater as the choice of the Cambria County Republicans for Governor was carried by a vote of ninety-nine for Delamater, four for Hastings and one for Montooth. They not only buried Hastings, but they rammed in the earth and sodded the mound, making one of the most complete political funerals on record. And all this in the face of the fact that nine tenths of the rank and file of the Republican party in Cambria county, if left to their own free choice would be for Hastings, whom they know, as against Delamater whom they never heard of. The Quay collar is on their necks and they wear it gracefully.

IF there is any sense of honor left in the Republican party of Ohio, says the New York *Herald*, Governor Foraker will hereafter be regarded as a dead lion.

No self respecting man ever yet found himself in a position more humiliating. His worst enemies can scarcely wish him a harder fate than that which seems to have overtaken him. Even the desire for revenge must give way to contempt.

The testimony of Wood, given in Washington and published throughout the country, fairly opens the jugular vein of Foraker's career and dooms him to bleed to death. Wood admitted before the committee that he was himself a very miserable sort of a creature, willing for his own price, to be used as a tool. If the Governor wanted a forged document Wood was as willing to procure it for him as Foraker was to use it after it had been obtained. The one blasting, damming point in Wood's testimony was that Foraker must have known of the forgery, and, knowing, was nevertheless eager to make it a part of his camaign.

The Governor of Ohio has floundered in the mire during this whole investigation and sunk deeper at every effort. When the evidence is all in he will go out of sight altogether, and his friends may properly put up an inexpensive headboard with this legend inscribed thereupon:—"Even in American politics it pays to play a square game."

SENATOR QUAY, called at the White House, Friday, with a list of appointments which he desired to have made in Pennsylvania. He got very cold comfort, however, and departed in somewhat of a huff.

How to Improve Roads.

It is admitted that Pennsylvania is away in the rear of progress in public highways, and it is a hopeful sign that public interest in the subject has been quickened to the extent of making the State Board of Agriculture devote a special meeting to the general discussion of our bad roads and the best method of improving them.

The common infirmity of the age developed itself in a prominent degree in proposing means for attaining better roads. The theory that the Government whether State or National, must assume the paternal office and do for the people what they can best do for themselves seems to have ruled in the various propositions for improving our Pennsylvania roads. Even Governor Beaver was so far forgetful of his own high official duties as to suggest that it might be best for the State to make the more important roads. Of course, with such a suggestion coming from the Governor, it was only logical for others to accept the paternal proffer of the State and insist that the State should make good roads for the people.

Had Governor Beaver given serious consideration to the subject and spoken with that candor that was due from him on the occasion, he would have said that State appropriations for roads had long ceased to be the policy of the State, and that to turn back to the paternal theory that was born of stern necessity when turnpikes and canals were beyond the scope of private or corporate enterprise, would only invite the Legislature to log-roll road appropriations for speculators. He must know, with his fretful experience in disposing of legislative appropriations, how utterly impracticable it would be for the State to assume the paternal in making public roads.

Another noticeable feature of the discussion elicited on the subject of improving our Pennsylvania roads was the general desire of the advocates of good roads that the State should pay for them and that the people who use them should have reduced taxes with increased expenditures from the public treasury for their special benefit. In short, the popular theory of the rural champions of good roads seems to be that the State must make their roads and that others who would not use the improved roads must pay the taxes to construct them. They point to the cities and half incline to the plan of taxing the cities to make the country roads, obviously forgetful that the properties of the cities are taxed vastly more for their own highways and other needed improvements than any rural section of the State. Philadelphia pays $1.85 for every $100 of real property at a fair cash valuation, and where is there such a tax exacted from the rural land-owner?

There is only one way to get good roads in Pennsylvania and that is for every community to make them for its own people. There could be no other reasonable expenditure to promise such beneficent results for the outlay as the expenditure for good roads in every locality. Good roads increase the value of farms and village properties vastly beyond their cost; they save to the farmers and others who use them, in economy of horse-power and in wear and tear of teams and wagons, immensely over their cost each year, and every consideration of interest and comfort calls upon every rural community to revolutionize its road system and make road improvement a matter of practical business, instead of the present farcical system by which taxes are first reduced to the lowest point and then wasted by the mockery of working out taxes under a Supervisor who dare not offend the people who elect him.

The one way to get roads in Pennsylvania is for each township to pick out its most intelligent and progressive citizen and elect him Supervisor, with the understanding that he must devote his time and the liberal cash taxes of the people in making good roads. When the people of one of the townships of Montgomery county elected A. J. Cassatt Supervisor of Roads, they made the best possible investment. They gagged somewhat at his expenditures, but they now have the best roads, the largest increase of the value of property, and the greatest economy and comfort in the use of their teams of any community in the State. There are few townships which have a Cassatt to call to the Supervisorship of roads, but every township that picks out the nearest approach it has to him for Supervisor, will get the cheapest and the best roads and the largest profits from their taxes. The State cannot make roads. The people may be deluded by demagogic politicians into an opposite belief, but there will be no improvement in Pennsylvania roads until the people buckle down to their own interests and make good roads for themselves.—*Phila. Times.*

He Suffers Only Under Republicanism.

It is the Republican party that is always worrying about the negro question. The party seems to be mighty afraid that the negro will not have his rights unless the Republican party shall be continued, for the purpose of absorbing the spoils and perpetuating a system of taxation which bears heavily upon the negro, the farmer and the laborer. Its heart is always bleeding for the negro, and according to its own account the reason for sorrow is never so great as when the party is in power. During the Administration of Mr. Cleveland there was no unhappiness on this score, and when the sectional Administration of Harrison will have passed away the succeeding Democracy will not be vexed seriously by the negro question. It is, of course, an uncomfortable race problem, which, with the rapid increase of negroes, may yet give the Southern States serious concern, but Ingalls, with his firebrand suggestions, will not help matters. With affectations of fairness the Senator talks like a rank partisan as he is, who would use race prejudice to the advantage of pharisaical Republicanism.—*Chicago Times.*

An Unscrupulous Party.

It is regrettable that justice plays no part in settling contested election cases when Republicans are in the majority and desire a greater majority. It might be unjust to say that the Republican leaders were instrumental in having the pending contests made with the view of increasing their strength in the House, but it certainly looks as if there were a plot of that kind. The Republican party seems to have decided that if it cannot elect Congressmen in the South, it will secure them in some other way. The unseating of Democrats and the filling of their places with Republicans by the House is about as effective a way to get a majority as the returning board is. If the Republicans succeed in getting Congress to place Congressional elections under Federal control, the returning board will be depended to do the kind of work the Republican majority of the House proposes to do now.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Free Trade With Canada.

Congressman Butterworth is in favor of the annexation of Canada to the United States. He is also in favor of reciprocity between the two countries, and he is also in favor of free trade.

Free trade between this country and Canada would bestow upon both countries all the advantages with none of the burdens of annexation. Canada has coal, ore and lumber in vast quantities which the Canadians could swap for machinery and Yankee notions without number. This constant swapping would furnish profitable employment to the people north and south of the St. Lawrence, and the only men to suffer by this trade free and unhampered, would be a few custom house officials and subordinates, who would, of course, be discharged, there being no longer need for their services

Under the policy of tariff confiscations trade is restricted, smuggling and false swearing encouraged and the people of both countries deprived of their just rights to buy and sell when and where they please. For such a state of affairs there is no excuse, and Congressman Butterworth spoke truly when he declared against the further continuance of a policy which slighted off the vast interests of "the nation" in order to satisfy the greed of the "owner of a potatoe patch."

Keep right along, Mr. Butterworth, you are headed in the right direction, and will, in time, see the folly of permitting the owners of a coal patch or an iron patch to do what is now wrong in the owner of the "potato patch" to do. The Yankee does not require the guardianship of the tariff league to protect him in his trading with the Canadians and the "men across the line" are capable of selling their wares to the best advantage. Remove the tariff barriers and let trade take its natural course.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

The Electoral College.

We have been asked why the authors of the Constitution incorporated in it the electoral college methods of choosing a President. The gentlemen who prepared the Constitution had for the most part no very great confidence in the intelligence and character of the masses of the people, and, with some exceptions they did not feel like trusting the people directly with the power of selecting the President. They evidently had no idea that the popular will would make the electoral college device a mere form, as it did very early in our history. Their idea was that a body of eminent men selected for the purpose, would make a more judicious and careful selection of President than Congress or a popular convention would. It was intended that the electoral college would not merely register the will of the people, but should assemble uninstructed and make its own free and independent choice of President and Vice-President. Another reason for providing an electoral college was that the fathers of the Republic knew nothing about National Conventions, and of course saw the impossibility of mass conventions of the people of whole States, and saw in the electoral college a representative body small enough to meet in State groups, and deliberate and discuss the important matters in the choice of a Chief Magistrate. The choice of a President by electors, like the choice of Senators by Legislatures, was intended to serve as a check upon popular impulse, and the rights of the small States were protected in some measure from the great majorities of votes cast in the large States by the provision of one elector for each Senator as well as one for each Representative.—*National Democrat.*

Slashing the Single Tax.

A man will ordinarily undergo greater hardships, practice more self-denial, exercise more of the virtues which go to the upbuilding of the Commonwealth, in order to secure a home, than to accomplish any other object. This is what his mind is first set on and when he has gained it his efforts are equally enlisted to keep it. The single tax threatens to profoundly alter the meaning of this word as we understand it. It is not consistent with the idea of home that somebody should take it away from us by bidding at an auction. If it be said that no such auction would take place, but that the State would fix the tax at a rate previously ascertained as sufficient to take the economic rent, differing from the present tax only in amount, then we say that there is no means of ascertaining what the economic rent is.

It would be impossible to form an approximate estimate at the beginning by taking as a standard the rents paid by individuals for the use of the land as a matter of bargain. But the standard would only serve for the first renting. What about the second? Land values change. It is the aim of the single tax to gather in the values that grow with the progress of society. A large part of Mr. George's argument is addressed to the coming time when all available land shall be appropriated. Renting by auction is the only process that will enable society to collect economic rent surely, equitably, progressively and scientifically.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Another Salary Grab.

The majority of the special Committee appointed by the House of Representatives for the purpose of investigating the Silcott defalcation have verified The World's prediction and have reported that the Government ought to again pay the Congressmen whose salaries were stolen by the defaulting cashier. We are sory for this, although our judgment has been vindicated.

This report holds that the Congressmen have not been paid because the money drawn by Silcott never reached them. There was never a more flagrant attempt to obtain money by force. If Congress adopts this report it will be another salary grab, another robbery of the Treasury simply because the robbers have the right to enact laws.

SILCOTT acted as the agent of each Representative. He drew the money from the Treasury on a certificate signed by the member. Payment to him was payment to his principal, and it would be precisely as honest for a Congressman to demand that the Government should restore his monthly salary which had been stolen from his pocket by a thief as it is to make the Treasury responsible for Silcott's defalcation.

Mr. Holman's minority report is what was to have been expected from an honest man. It holds that members of Congress alone should be the sufferers from the dishonesty of their own agent.—*N. Y. W. World.*

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is, guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflamation of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

AFTER being idle since November last, the collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal Company in Pittston and vicinity, employing 7,000 hands, started up on Wednesday.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Among the passengers on board the steamship Adriatic, which arrived at the quarantine in New York last night, was Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, who has come over to fight John L. Sullivan.

—George Lounsberry, cashier in the New York postoffice, committed suicide on Friday, by shooting himself through the temple. Investigation developed the fact that his accounts were short to the amount of $20,000.

—An explosion of natural gas occurred on Friday evening in a two story building, corner of Wall and Noble streets, in Columbus, Ohio. The building was wrecked and five persons were killed and a score or more injured.

—An express train near Denver, Col., was lifted bodily from the track by a gale and upset. The cars caught fire and the imprisoned passengers had a narrow escape. A railroad official and several others were injured.

—Societies have been formed in Austria and Hungary to abolish the custom of removing the hat in saluting ladies and at funerals, the idea being that colds in the head are contracted in complying with the present rule of etiquette.

—Green Braxton, a negro murderer, was hanged at Montgomery, Alabama, on Friday. The drop was sprung before the black cap had been put on and the Deputy Sheriff fell with the negro and was painfully hurt by the fall to the floor.

—Washington county farmers claim the Standard Oil Company has deceived them regarding the production of oil wells sunk by the company. They say that wells pronounced unprofitable are good payers, and that the company is holding the wells back until the price of oil goes up.

—The London zoological society now possesses a white peacock. This bird preserves the markings which distinguish the species, particularly the large eye like spots on the tail feathers. The effect of these spots is remarkable. They are exactly like the pattern on a damask tablecloth.

—John Wesley Elkins, the twelve year-old lad who has just been sent to the Anamosa, Iowa, penitentiary for life for murdering his father and mother, is said to have expressed the opinion that the authorities are rather severe on a poor orphan. Some people are born "kickers," and don't you forget it.

—Charles Farley, a brakeman on the Fitchburg Railroad, was blown from his train near Petersburg Junction, New York, on Saturday, and run over. He was not missed until two hours after. When discovered he had crawled for one mile, drawing his severed legs behind him. He will probably recover.

—The Queen of Greece, on Friday, at Athens, had a narrow escape from a frightful death. While driving through the streets in an open carriage an electric wire snapped and fell. A portion of it fell upon the Queen and tightly enwrapped her. Several officers sprang to her aid and quickly extricated her. Within a minute after the wires were removed from her the current was turned on.

—Luigi D. Onofri engaged to marry Carmilla Biscardi, and gave her $600 to keep for him; but his love cooled, and he asked her one day how much of the $600 she still had. When she showed it to him he grabbed the pile, which contained $5 of Carmilla's money, and ran away. He was arrested, and Magistrate Snyder on Friday, at Norristown, held Onofri to answer for stealing Miss Biscardi's money.

—London is to have an Eiffel Tower that will out-Eiffel Eiffel. It is to be 1,200 feet high, overtopping the wonder of Paris by two hundred feet. The company has been formed, the stock subscribed, and the contracts are being let. Chicago will have an interest, as she did in the Eiffel Tower, for the same elevator company is to build the elevators for the new tower at London. Estimates are now being prepared for the purpose.

—One evening last week during the progress of the monthly ball of the patients of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, Isaac G Anthony, an inmate, from Phila., escaped by jumping out of a window. He fell thirty feet but was unhurt. Nothing has been heard of him. He is a dangerous lunatic and was confined in the violent ward. Anthony is about 5 feet 11 inches in height, light complexion, light moustache, and weighed about 170 pounds.

—John Cullinane was murdered at Canandaigua, N. Y., on Saturday night by Frank Fish. Fish and his brother John, together with Cullinane, had been drinking during the evening. As they were parting for the night John Fish and Cullinane shook hands but Cullinane refused to accept Frank Fish's hand. This angered Frank, and drawing a knife from his pocket he struck Cullinane in the neck. Cullinane was taken home, where he died in a few minutes. The murderer was arrested.

—The other day there came to Salem, Ore., a box-car that left Detroit sixteen days before. It contained P. Harwood, wife and two babies, seven cows, two horses, two sheep, and an endless assortment of household and kitchen furniture and farm appliances. A stovepipe had been pushed through a ventilator hole in the car and the smoke that wreathed the opening gave evidence that those inside the car were not suffering from cold. Mr. Harwood said the trip was made easy and quite pleasantly, considering the crowded condition of the car.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Payne were struck by a train and killed at Chicago Thursday afternoon of last week while on their way to witness the interment of their five-months old child in Rose Hill cemetery. Simon Anderson, driver of their carriage, and Mrs. Reprogal, accompanying them on their sad errand, were also killed. The same day Mr. and Mrs. George Cormstock, an aged and wealthy couple, of Wilton, Conn., were returning home in a carriage from a funeral, when the carriage was struck by a train and both were fatally injured.

—Three masked men effected an entrance into the postoffice at Albequerque, N. M., early on Sunday morning, locked the night clerk in a closet and robbed the office of some $600 in cash. Six registered pouches were also robbed of their contents. Monday it was discovered that one of the pouches was the registered pouch from Santa Fe, containing several valuable letters and one with $4,000 of Lincoln county current expense bonds with coupons attached. This swells the loss to $10,000, but it is a question whether the perpetrators will dare undertake to sell the bonds.

—Two Chinamen, named Yee Lee and Sing Lee, for about two years past have conducted a laundry on one of the leading business streets of Binghamton, N. Y. On Friday a railroad man had occasion to call at the laundry and upon entering was horrified to discover the dead body of one of the Chinamen and that of a woman named Mamie Sweeney lying close together on the floor. Bending over one of the tables was the body of the other Chinaman cold in death. The Sweeney woman has parents living at Olliphant, Pa., and for a time resided in Scranton. It is the opinion of physicians that death was caused by inhalation of chlorine gas generated in some way from the washing material.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburgs Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

☞ GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

—At Castua, a small town in Austria, all the couples become engaged during the year are united in the bonds of wedlock at one and the same marriage ceremony. In virtue of the ancient ceremony thirty-five young women were the other day led to the altar.

—The Elk county (Pa.) deer park of Hall & Kaul is a mile square. All around the place is a fence made of trees from 10 to 15 feet in height, while inside the brush and trees are so thick that people are easily lost there. Approaches to the park are so arranged that the deer coming up find but little difficulty in gaining an entrance, but once inside there is no possible means of getting out. Inside the fence the ground slopes so much that the most expert jumper in the deer tribe would not attempt to get out. It is thought now that there are not less than 150 deer within the park.

—Jacob Horn, aged 67 years, a farmer of Lowrytown, Pa., left his home on Wednesday morning of last week, to cut bark for his distillery. He failed to return at night and a searching party found his body two miles away in the woods. He had often told his friends that in the event of his death an autopsy should be made. This was done the next day by a Weatherly physician and the examination developed the astonishing fact that the heart had been abnormally developed, having become four times its normal size and that it had become a hard, cartilagenous-like body, which attached itself to the surrounding walls.

—W. L. Shindle, a reporter for the *Dispatch*, had a thrilling experience Saturday near Shamokin, Pa. Shindle, accompanied by J. F. House, of the *Eagle*, started across the mountains to hunt up a prize fight, as that way was the shortest route to the farm where the local pugilistic lights were to meet. The two men were walking along side by side, when Shindle suddenly disappeared from view. His companion was horrified to find he had fallen into a mine air-hole, and had not the large storm coat worn by Shindle caught on the ledges of rock, he would have probably fallen into the mine below. As it was he was fifteen feet below the surface. House went to the nearest farmhouse and secured a clothes line with which he rescued Shindle, who had almost given up in despair.

—During confirmation services at St. John's Episcopal church, in Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, the congregation was startled by the actions of an apparently demented young man who arose from his seat in the church, and pointing a revolver at Bishop Whitaker, who was taking part in the services, fired a shot at him. Immediately there was great confusion but it was quickly seen that no harm had resulted from the shot. An officer was hastily summoned and the would-be murderer taken into custody. At the station house he gave his name as David Alexander and his residence Philadelphia. He told a rambling story about a letter he had received which induced him to make the attempt upon the venerable bishop's life. Alexander was locked up pending an examination of the matter.

Mad from Want.

HURON, S. D., January 27.—There are hundreds of people sitting in the farm houses on the snow-covered plains, going mad from want in South Dakota.

A correspondent who has visited many farmers near Huron reports that there is a pressing need for relief, as starvation is staring hundreds of poor in the face. One farmer who expressed the belief that he was much better off than many others, said: "We have something to eat, hominy and a little pork. It won't last long, and we have to be careful of the coal, but the worst is the stock. We haven't got a thing to feed to the horses and cattle. Can't sell them. Can't feed them. Stock is going to die by the thousands unless we get something for them to eat. We won't have horses to plow with in the spring. No seed now. I tell you it goes against the grain to see dumb creatures suffer."

Another one said: "Do you know the only help we have had is from the railroad—the Northwestern. They have brought coal to us for $2 a ton, free of freight, and have done it all winter. Even at that price we have to economize on coal. I tell you, if it had not been for the railroad company thousands of people would have frozen to death last week when the themometer went down to forty degrees below zero."

J. S. Oliver, superintendent of the Dakota Central division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, at Huron, said: "That is all true that you have heard. People are undoubtedly suffering for the necessaries, but this road will see that no one freezes. It is to the interest of the company that the people stay here. They are brave and their present condition is no fault of their own. The facts have not been advertised as extensively as they should have been."

Mr. Oliver continuing, said: "I believe you will find things still worse northwest of here. Governor Mellett has marked nineteen counties as being in need of relief."

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

PILES

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. [illegible] 3 boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITCHING PILES.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES.

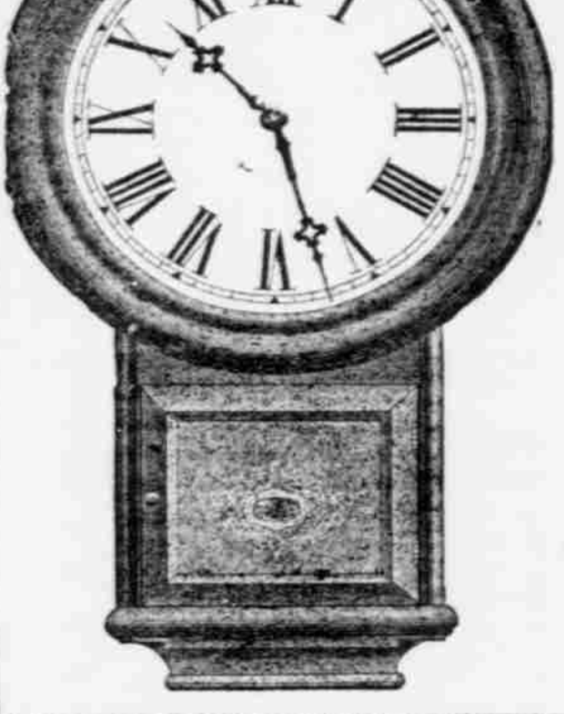
The simple application of "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford

WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,

In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURG

OPENS SEPT. 4th. CLOSES OCT. 19th

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

HOPPER BROTHERS. & CO.

Extend to you a hearty invitation when you visit the City to call and examine our stock of

BEDROOM FURNITURE, PARLOR FURNITURE,

CARPETS, LACE CURTAINS,

DINING AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

BEDDING STOVES AND RANGES.

We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the City.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly give any information necessary.

Hooper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

AT YOUR SERVICE

With the best line of Overcoats in Philadelphia for Men, Youths and Children. No matter what kind of an Overcoat you want you will find it here, made in our well-known reliable way, at the lowest prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.

PHILADELPHIA.

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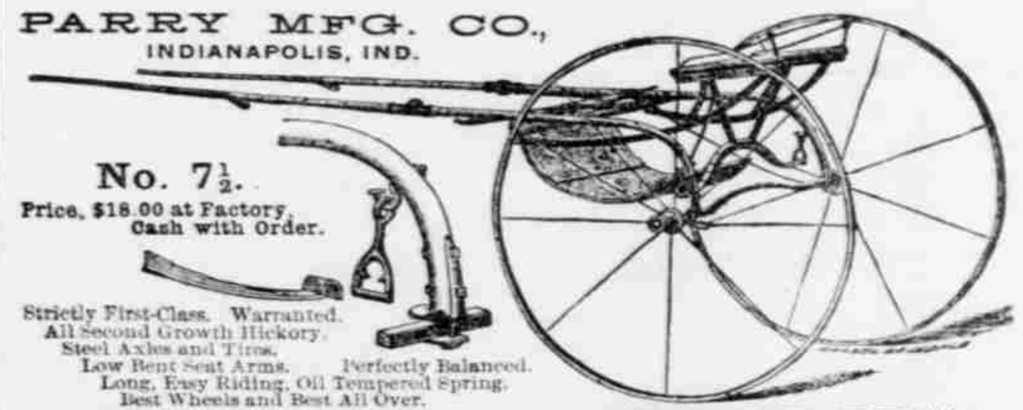
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



No. 7½.

Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted.

All Second Growth Hickory.

Steel Axles and Tires.

Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced.

Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring.

Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 31, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—A. V. Barker, Esq. is in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Ed Davis, of Wilmore was in town on Wednesday.

—All kinds of job work neatly executed at this office. Give us a call.

—Joseph Van Ormer, of Reade township, was in the 'burg on Tuesday.

—John Good of Cambria township, is confined to his home by illness.

—Mr. M. R. Denny, of Pittsburg, formerly of this place, was in town this week.

—Ex-Sheriff Blair has been confined to his house for several days with the grippe.

—Theodore Evans, formerly of this place, but now employed in Johnstown, is here on a visit.

—Matthew Zahm, clerk in Johnston, Buck & Co.'s Carrolltown Bank, spent Sunday at his home in this place.

—J. Frank Minnish, Esq., a member of the Bedford county bar, died on Tuesday of la grippe which is prevalent at Bedford.

—Prof. A. R. Read, of Altoona, spent a couple of days in town during the present week looking up the insurance business.

—John Gilpin, a tramp, fell from a train on which he was riding near Manor station, on Sunday evening, and was instantly killed.

—The fixtures in the Waynesburg postoffice are advertised for sale by the Sheriff to satisfy a claim against the postmaster, who owns them.

—David Myers, Esq., a member of the Somerset county bar, and an ex-Prothonotary of that county, died at his home in Somerset on Monday.

—Mr. John Sell and Miss Laura McFeaters were married at the Blair House, in this place on Thursday. Both are residents of Indiana county.

—John Davis was instantly killed on Monday by a fall of slate in the New Larimer mines near Greensburg. He was forty-five years old and single.

—George Isenburg and wife, of Altoona, was in Ebensburg on Wednesday, called here by the death and funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Les Goss.

—For sale or rent—a frame dwelling house in the East ward of Ebensburg, containing seven rooms, is for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of Henry Byrne.

—At the Republican Convention on Monday, Geo. T. Swank, of Johnstown, and F. H. Barker, of Ebensburg, were elected delegates to the State Convention.

—On a few of our papers this week the date on the first page is January 24th instead of January 31st. The error was made by the person whose duty it is to correct it.

—After the 31st of the present month, 5 per cent. will be added to the amount of the school and borough tax for the borough of Ebensburg. Pay your taxes and save 5 per cent.

—We are informed that "la grippe" is getting in its work in Summerhill township and that the per cent. of attendance for the present school month will be low as a consequence.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—The Reading *Times* prints this: "Lost strayed or stolen, the season of the year known as winter." A liberal reward will be paid to the finder by the Weather Bureau at Washington.

—Messrs. Caron Leahy and John R. Kelly, executors of Patrick McPhilips, deceased, offer for sale five acres of land in Lilly borough. See advertisement in another column.

—James Masterson, of East Conemaugh, for many years track foreman at that place, died at that place on Monday night. He was about seventy-five years of age and a native of Ireland.

—Mr. Joseph Farabaugh, of Carrolltown, desires us to inform the public that his picture gallery, in Carrolltown, is open every day except Thursday and Friday of each week. Give him a call.

—The enumerators for the taking of the census for 1890 are to commence work on the first Monday in June, and they must finish the job and forward the returns on or before the first day of July.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—A barn together with its contents, belonging to a Mr. Hamilton, near Altoona, was destroyed by fire Monday night. The loss is estimated at $1,600 with an insurance of $750. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, the work of a tramp.

—On last Friday evening the house of William Jones, residing near Elorado, in Blair county, was entered by burglars while the family were at supper, and $945 in gold taken from a trunk. No clue has been as yet discovered to the perpetrators.

—A sensation was created in the Schuylkill county license court on Monday by Judge Pershing's announcing that the liquor licenses granted to Mahanoy city would be withheld until further order, as the court had discovered that certain frauds had been practiced.

—Howorth's Hibernica will exhibit at the Opera House on Tuesday evening, February 4th. This is a most complete and interesting show, without a rival and those who attend will witness an enjoyable entertainment. See advertisement in another column.

—Mark Skelly who was injured in the Altoona yard on Wednesday of last week, a son of Mr. John Skelly of Summerhill township, is a married man and lives in Altoona. His foot was amputated above the ankle and he is now doing as well as could be expected.

—Justice of the Peace T. J. Stevens, the well known jeweler of Gallitzin, was in town on Tuesday and dropped in see the FREEMAN. 'Squire Stevens has been a resident of Gallitzin for the past twenty-five years and has seen Gallitzin grow from a straggling village to a prosperous and booming town.

—All persons who have not paid their school tax in Cambria township are hereby notified that the collector of said township will be at the township school house, in the borough of Ebensburg, on Saturday, February 1, 1890, for the purpose of receiving the school tax of said township. Five per cent. will be added after that date.

—On Sunday, while Oscar Pool and wife, of East Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county, were driving home from church, their horse ran off, near Ruffsdale, and both were thrown out of the buggy. sustained a fractured shoulder, spinal and internal injuries, and was rendered insensible. Her recovery is considered doubtful.

—The Democrats of Altoona held their city convention on Monday and nominated the following ticket: Mayor, E. H. Turner; Treasurer, George F. Streit; Controller, David Potter; School Directors, Charles M. and George F. Jackson; Assessors, A. er, John Frantz and D. S. Markey. Smith was unanimously re-elected City Chairman.

—Gus Simon, of Gallitzin, is doing a rushing and prosperous business. His store is always crowded with customers who come from all parts of the country in search of bargains and when they get there are always of the opinion that they struck the right place. It will pay you to buy at Simons', in Gallitzin, if you live twenty miles away.

—The house of Rev. John R. Jones, who was formerly a resident of Ebensburg, but for a year or more a resident of Manor, Westmoreland county, Pa., was consumed by fire on Thursday of last week, while Mr. Jones and his family were absent at Ehrenfelt, in this county, whither they had been called by the death of a sister of Mr. Jones a few days previous. Mr. Jones' loss is considerable as he lost all his household effects and a valuable library.

—Mr. Les Goss died at the house of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Isenberg, in this place, on Sunday night in the thirty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Goss was a resident of East Conemaugh and at the time of the flood lost his house, and for some time after was considerably exposed to the inclement weather from which he caught a severe cold which resulted in consumption. He came to Ebensburg on Wednesday of last week and died as we have stated on Sunday. He leaves a wife and two small children.

—The extensive erecting and repairing shops of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company, located at Saxton, Bedford county, were totally destroyed on Friday morning by fire, the origin of which is attributed to spontanous combustion. The fire broke out in the paint department and speedily communicated to the other extensive buildings, including machinery and erecting shops and storage building for supplies. A locomotive and three cars in the machine shop were also destroyed. The total loss will reach $50,009; fully insured.

—Mr. Richard D. Davis, administrator of R. L. Davis, late of the borough of Ebensburg, deceased, will sell at private sale at the late business stand of said decedent, on Julian street, in said borough, commencing on Monday, February 3, 1890, a large, fine and well selected stock of gents, ladies and children's shoes, all styles and prices. There will also be sold a number of pairs of mens and boy's boots. These goods will be sold at and below cost, and persons desiring anything in the above line will find rare bargains by calling early. Sale will be continued from day to day until the entire stock is sold. Terms, cash.

—A case which is exciting no little interest is on trial in Clarion. It involves a question that has never been before presented to the courts of the Commonwealth. On April 30, 1887, Clarence Showers bought a 4-year-old bull from C. W. Young and had him in his possession until October 29 of the same year, when the bull attacked and killed him. His widow now brings suit to recover damages from the former owner. The jury was out three days and the verdict was awaited with much interest. The jury came in Monday with a verdict for the plaintiff for $750. The testimony showed that both purchaser and seller were aware the animal was cross, but the jury thought the widow should have damages, and therefore awarded her $750. This is the first case of the kind ever tried in a Pennsylvania court.

—Johnstown had a big scare on Sunday night from an explosion of hot cinder. The Cambria Iron Company is filling in along the river a short distance above the Gautier Works and about 11 o'clock a load of cinders was thrown into the river when a terrific explosion followed, shaking the whole town. In an instant everybody was in the streets, thinking something terrible had happened and for a time the citizens were in a state of terror. In Woodvale, near where the explosion occurred, beds were tilted on their edge and the occupants thrown out. A huge piece of flying cinder fell on the roof of a house, broke through and dropped on a bed occupied by a man and his wife. The bed clothing caught fire and the flames communicated to the building; but were extinguished before much damage was done. Another piece of cinder broke the corner off a dwelling house. Hundreds of pieces of cinder struck Lambert & Kress' ale brewery and broke almost every pane of glass in the windows, and set the building on fire. One of the Cambria Iron Company's locomotives, standing near the scene of the explosion was badly damaged.

Murder in Centre County.

Another murder has been committed in Center county. News has been received that a murder was committed at Green Briar, about five miles from Spring Mills, at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The victim was an old man named Andrew Weaver. He was stabbed to the heart with a butcher knife either by Mrs. Auman or her son, they being the only persons in the house at the time. The neighbors heard them quarreling, and, on going into the house, found the old man dead and Mrs. Auman and her son in dispute as to who committed the deed. The woman had been living with Weaver for quite a while and claimed to be married to him.

She had been married to a man named Auman and had one son. This son made his home with his mother, at Weaver's. The three quarreled among themselves very often, it finally culminating in the above tragic result. The general opinion seems to be that Mrs. Auman committed the murder, as she was very jealous of Mr. Weaver. Mrs. Auman and her son were taken to Bellefonte and lodged in jail.

Fishy.

The "greatest aggregation" in the way of a fish story comes from the west. A Chicago dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* relates that two weeks ago John Webster, a man named Gaines and two brothers named Buchanan, residents of Eldora, Iowa, went fishing near Hardin City, in Iowa. Cutting a hole in the ice, they speared a pike, and bringing it to the surface, noticed that it seemed distended. When opened a pocket-book was found inside containing $65 in gold, $15 in silver, $75 in greenbacks, $10.000 in bonds and a certificate of deposit for $25 on a bank of Johnstown, Pa. A piece of paper in the pocket-book had a statement to the effect that the book and contents were the property of John J. Jones, of Johnstown, Pa.

The fish in question, a wall-eyed pike, must have traveled through the famous Conemaugh River in Pennsylvania, into the Allegheny, down the latter into the Ohio, down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and up the Father of Waters into the Iowa river, where he was caught.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm, one mile south of Ebensburg. If not sold before the first of March the farm will be for rent.

JAMES MYERS.

The Proprietors

Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Why Continue

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman.

DEAR SIR.—If there is anything that all good men should uphold it is the participation of the people in the scheme of self-government. Thomas Jefferson's idea of government, and one which had it been would have prevented the late disastrous civil war in our country was that of a "pure Democracy," that is a government in which the laws are drafted by representatives chosen by the people, and submitted to them (the people) for their adoption or rejection at the ballot box. It was objected to by the opponents of this plan that it was impracticable; but at the present day that objection will no longer bear the semblance of reason, and true reformers are seriously advocating its adoption as a means to cut off the avenues of corruption in our machinery of government; and I will here say that it is the only feasible plan. In view of this fact, I think that the Democrats of the county should cry "halt" to the politicians who wish the County Committee to assume the authority of abrogating a system (the Crawford County System) which the rank and file, the bone and muscle, and the honesty of the party have repeatedly declared should remain.

If the system adopted by the majority of the party has been abused "hedge it around with safeguards," but don't abandon a principle which is the fundamental one of purity of government—the participation of the people in the enactment of all laws and the selection of all officials of government by the ballot. BALLOT REFORMER.

Loretto Items.

DEAR FREEMAN.—Litzinger's store was entered by burglars sometime during Saturday night. Among the articles missing since their visit are some silk mufflers and handkerchiefs, fine white shirt, woolen shirt cigars, crackers etc. A few pennies were taken from the money drawer which was opened very carefully. The safe, although unlocked, was not disturbed. After forcing the front door open with some instrument they gave the watch dog, which was in the store, something which nearly paralyzed him for a day or more. Every street light was extinguished sometime during that night. Two men who were seen it town on Saturday are suspected. Should they return again on the same business they may get a warm reception.

By the death of Mr. Francis O'Friel, Loretto has lost a very respectable citizen.

Mrs. Jos. Adams of Allegheny township, is very seriously ill.

On Saturday evening a crowd of young folks from Cresson and Loretto Cornet Band, went by special train to Ashville to visit Father Rosensteel's fair. All returned home much pleased with their visit except a couple of boys who tried to disgrace the crowd by drowning what little wit they had with whisky. It would be a blessing to society if such ones had enough wit to keep them at home.

Yours truly, I. P. L.

South Fork Flood Fund.

The Pittsburgh Flood Relief Committee sent $5,000 to be distributed at South Fork about June 10, 1889. The money was distributed as follows:

Tim Abers, $27; W. W. Baker, $27; Robert Bowen, $27; John S. Collins, $181 98; P. H. Croyle, $18; William Custer, $54; Barbara Davis, $18; David Duncan, $18, Everson Coal Co., $36; Euclid Coal Co., $360; Michael Gates, $27; U. P. George, $18; John Hamilton, $67 50; P. Hartman, $40 50; Thos. E. Jones, $40 50; Thomas M. Jones, $27, S. Kauffman, $18; Thomas Kinlan, $54; A. Lang, $18; William Moss, $27, Daniel Murphy, $216; Murphy & Stineman, $792; John McGowan, $18; John O'Rourke, $191; J. S. Paul, $54; D. S. Palling, $36; W. G. S. Robertson & Co., $396. Ed Seace, $10 80; Scale Co., $27; John Smith, $27; A. Sada, $18; G. B. Stineman, $81; J. C. Stineman, $647; William Strassbaugh, $90; S. F. Supply Co., $1,134; Mrs. Thomas, (widow) $45; Jacob Varner, $5 40; James Vivian $54; Richard Wells, $27; James Wicks, $10 80; John J. Williams, $86 40; J. W. Wilson, $13 50. Total, $5,004 58.

Reade Township Items.

READE TWP, Jan. 28, 1890.

Stephen Grove, of Glasgow, is, one of the fortunate survivors of la grippe.

Mr. John F. Hollen, of Glasgow, is now suffering from la grippe.

We are pleased to note the convalescense of Mr. Willie Troxell, of Roseland, who has been laid up with the grip for some time.

C. H. Huff, a brakeman on the P. R. R., is dangerously ill at his home in Utahville, with a relapse of lung fever.

A young lad named Pincers, whose home is near Mountain Dale, is very low with typhoid fever.

Isaac E. Ricketts, of Utahville, the well-known landlord of that place, has again secured license to sell liquor. Mr. Ricketts understands everything about the hotel business.

The boiler of the Mountain Dale Coke Works is being repaired in Altoona; therefore, the coke ovens of that company are closed on account of it.

Messrs. George W. and Alex Troxell, two of Reade township's leading citizens, have nearly recovered from the severe effects of that popular malady, la grippe.

On last Saturday we were pleased to meet our friend Mr. A. R. Read, of Altoona, formerly of Ebensburg. He was on business to Coalport and the adjacent locality.

She turns her retrospective glances toward the setting sun; and reads her doom in its last fading rays. Yes, "David" is there—some place near the stranded shore of one of the last admitted to take its place among the sisterhood of States.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, January 30, 1890:

George Getze, Braddock, and Annie Syenzsh, Johnstown.

Charles F. B. Awtey, Gallitzin, and Mary E. Taylor, Bennington, Blair county, Pa.

John Dinebock and Lizzie Gradacke, Cambria.

Andrew Weres and Catharine Miller, Cambria.

William Krumenacher, Lilly, and Mary Fisher, Washington township.

Peter McFadden and Margaret Boyle, Millville.

Martin Weisel and Susanna Symora, Cambria.

John L. Sell and Laura J. McFeaters, Indiana county, Pa.

W. E. Oaks and Emma R. Devlin, Conemaugh.

Andrew Sunko and Julie Pudzki, Cambria.

Stephen Gerock and Dora Warga, Millville.

Daniel Conlogue, Lilly, and Sarah McNulty, Blair county, Pa.

Michael Kacsik and Catharine Miller, Johnstown.

Franklin Jones and Rachael E. Speicher, Roxberry.

Justus Spout and Mrs. Elizabeth M. Dougherty, Lilly.

R. E. Wilson and Agnus A. Coy, Johnstown.

George Myers, Johnstown, and Rachael Fisher, Cambria.

Andrew Wikerst and Mary Drimoski, Cambria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

DIED.

O'FRIEL.—Died at his home in Loretto, on Friday, January 24, 1890, Mr. Francis O'Friel, in the 78th year of his age.

A few moments before the midnight hour Friday, January 24th, the pure spirit of Francis O'Friel was summoned from the sorrows of earth to the joys of heaven. The kind, generous heart that ever beat in sympathy for others was then stilled in death. He had only been ill a few days and the news of his death caused widespread and heartfelt sorrow all over the country where his name was so widely known and so highly respected. The blow fell with particular severity upon those who looked up to him as their father, friend, guide and counsellor, for in him were embodied in the truest sense of the word, the highest and best qualities which the terms imply. Large-hearted and generous to an extraordinary degree, his charity was unbounded, and his heart ever responded to any distress or sorrow. To the poor and friendless, the widow and the orphan he was ever a true and unfailing friend. No one sought his advice—and it was often and eagerly sought—without feeling consoled, and left his presence secure in the knowledge that whatever he advised was for their personal good. Gifted with a genial nature and a rare charm of manner added to a large fund of native wit and humor he was ever a welcome visitor among all classes, and his cheerful, sunny nature gladdened many a lonely heart. Like most of his race, religion was the mainspring and inspiration of his life and entered into his daily routine of duties; from his earliest years in the far off home in Ireland, his piety was most marked, and years of absence from the land he loved so well, only served to increase that devotion. Time only strengthened the pious training received in the "Island of Saints" which shed a lustre round the many bright virtues that gave beauty to his life and blossoms even in the tomb, where rests the body that held so fair a soul. Hundreds to-day will miss him, and the prayers and tears of a sorrowing multitude go out in sorrow for their departed friend, and in deep sympathy for the bereaved family and sorrow-stricken friends.

Mr. O'Friel was born May 29, 1812, in Fanad, County Donegall, Ireland, and received a thorough and classical education, excelling in every study, no problem was too difficult for him to solve, possessing great mental powers and a quick retentive memory, his mind became a vast store house of useful knowledge, which knowledge he retained to the end. Gifted with a brilliant mind his natural talents soon attained public attention and at an early age he received a very flattering offer from the Government officials at Dublin. Before his appointment came he concluded to visit America, as some of his classmates were coming, he accompanied them. On his return to Philadelphia, homeward bound, he found the vessel on which he intended returning had sailed and considering it as a dispensation of Providence remained in Philadelphia, there obtained a position with a contractor on the Reading Railroad; thence to Hollidaysburg where he remained some time; afterwards removed to Munster where he taught school for a short time before engaging in the mercantile line in which latter business he was most successful, the same success attending his career in Loretto where his long life of usefulness closed. He leaves a wife, one son and two daughters, one of whom is a Sister of Mercy in Homestead, besides a large circle of friends to mourn the loss they have sustained.

FARREN.—Died at her residence in Altoona, Friday, January 24, 1890, Mrs. Catharine Farren, widow of Charles Farren, deceased.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Catharine Malery, was born in Munster township in 1819, and was married to Charles Farren, who preceeded her to the grave twenty nine years ago, in 1843. The greater part of her life was spent in Munster township, up until about twenty years ago when she removed to Altoona. She leaves to survive her three daughters and two sons all of whom are residents of Altoona. May she rest in peace.

O'DONNELL.—Died at his home in Munster township, on Thursday January 16th, 1890, Mr. Dennis O'Donnell, aged about 66 years.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Ebensburg Public Schools for month ending November, 1889:

Teachers.	Room	Enrolled. Boys	Enrolled. Girls	Enrolled. Total	Average attendance. Boys	Average attendance. Girls	Average attendance. Total	Visits
Allie Lloyd	1	40	38	78	36	32	78	0
Effie Myers	2	25	27	52	23	20	43	3
Maggie Shenkle	3	21	18	39	17	15	32	5
Annie Jones	4	17	24	41	14	21	36	0
T. B. Allison	5	23	11	34	18	8	26	0
Totals		126	118	244	108	96	222	8

Room No. 1—Perfect in attendance: Edson Hill, Arthur Hill, Harry Bennett, Jesse Evans, Joseph Davis, Daniel Lewis, Allan Barker, Walter Apel, Richard Owens, Don Cook, Walter O'Hara, Mattie Esterline, Libbie Shields, Nitie Evans, Maud Folsom, Florrie Weakiin, Laura Powell, Ella Tibbott, Lida Davison, Aggie Connell, Beatrice Mower. Class leaders—A class, Libbie Shields; B class, Joseph Davis, C class, Walter Apel.

Room No. 2—Perfect in attendance: Walter Jones, Ernest Weakiin, Rhode Ritter, Arthur Evans, Roy Cook, Bessie Evans, Annie Owens, Ethel Shields. Class leaders—A class, Barbara Harvey; B class, Ethel Shields.

Room No. 3—Perfect in attendance: Peter Ludwig, Ollie Davis, John Ritter, Willie Cole, Wellington Evans, Joseph Luttringer, May Davis, Ada Jones, E. May Davis, May Auman, Maud Shinafelt, May Leighty. Class leaders—A class, May Davis; B class, May Auman.

Room No. 4—Perfect in attendance: Annie Shields, Edith Myers, Gertie Bower, Bird Kinkead, Annie Mills, Sadie Nipple Florie Mills, Maud Shoemaker, Cora Evans, Harry Shinefelt, William Burkhart, C rd Snyder, Edgar Evans, Fred Jones. Class leaders—A class, Edith Myers; B class, Flore Miller.

Room No. 5—Perfect in attendance: Jas. Dick, Ray Jones, Carl Rivinius, Edward Luther, Willie Farnsworth, Della Folsom, Annie Maloney. Class leaders—B class, James Dick.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Dennis O'Donnell, deceased. Letters testamentary in the estate of Dennis O'Donnell, late of Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. ELLEN O'DONNELL, Executrix of Dennis O'Donnell, dec'd.
Munster township, Jan. 31, 1890.-6t.

TRIAL LIST—SPECIAL COURT.—List of causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, Pa., commencing on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1890:

Flynn	vs.	Farabaugh.
Gallagher	vs.	Flynn.
Heista	vs.	Uhle.
Botts	vs.	Ashville Borough.
Eakins	vs.	Gallagher.
Findley	vs.	Haywood.
Laing	vs.	Gunning.
Stanton	vs.	Zimmerman.
Wainwright Co	vs.	Flynn et al.
Garman	vs.	Gardner.

JAMES C. DARBY, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 27, 1890.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

EBENSBURG OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Tuesday, February 4th.

Reappearance of the Jolly Fun Makers.

HOWORTH'S ENLARGED DOUBLE SHOW, GRAND HIBERNICA AND DUBLIN DAN COMEDY, SPECIALTY & NOVELTY CO. COMBINED WITH THE FAMOUS GRAND SCENERY OF IRELAND.

14---Specialty Artists---14

New Songs, New Music, New Artists, Songs, Jigs, Clogs, Reels, and Dances.

PRICES - - 25, 35 and 50 CENTS.

Seats on sale at E James' Drug Store.

Grand Street Parade at noon by Professor Naney's Uniformed Brass Band.

JOHN HOWORTH, - - Sole Proprietor.

Orphans' Court Sale

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to us directed, we will expose to public sale, at the Brandt House, in the borough of Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., on

Saturday, March 15, 1890,

At 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate to-wit:

A certain piece or parcel of land situate in the borough of Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining Old Portage Railroad, lands of James Haggan, Plack & Fogle, and the Catholic church property, containing FIVE ACRES, more or less, and having a one and a half storied plank house thereon erected.

The property will be sold in one whole piece, or in lots, as the same may be desired by purchasers, to the best advantage for the estate.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money at the time of sale, the balance of one-third at confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and the remainder in twelve months from the confirmation of the sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and so be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

CARON LEAHY,
JOHN R. KELLY,
Executors of Patrick McPhillips, dec'd.
Hemlock, Pa., January 29, 1890.-3t.

HOTEL FOR RENT.—That well-known hotel stand, known as the Merchants Hotel, situated at Summit, Cambria county, Pa., with eight acres of ground, adjoining will be rented on liberal terms. The house contains thirty-four rooms, bar-room, store-room, ice house, good stable, and all necessary outbuildings. The house will be rented entire or in part. For particulars enquire of the subscriber
JAMES A. GILLAN, Summit, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of David Sutton, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN C. SUTTON,
JAMES T. SUTTON,
Administrator of David Sutton, deceased.
Clearfield twp., Dec. 30, 1889.-6t.

$100.00 REWARD.

The above reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid in any case in which

L. W. Bull's Celebrated Catarrh Remedy

will not cure Catarrh if taken according to directions. D. G. OWENS.

MANUFACTURED BY

CALDWELL, OWENS & CO.,
TYRONE, PENN'A.

FOR SALE IN EBENSBURG AT

E. JAMES' DRUG STORE.

Jan. 10-2m.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County for the year ending December 31, 1889.

Amount insured Dec. 31, 1888	$1,778,569 00	
Amount insured during year	441,216 00	$2,219,785 00
Deduct amount expired during year	382,268 00	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled	34,588 00	416,846 00
Amount insured December 31, 1889		$1,802,939 00
Amount Prem. notes in force Dec. 31, 1888	168,489 00	
Amount taken during year	41,750 00	211,237 00
Deduct amount expired during year	31,588 00	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled	3,583 00	38,171.00
Amount prem. notes in force Dec. 31, 1889		$173,066 00
Number of policies issued during year		402
Number policies in force Dec. 31, 1889		1,623
CASH ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.		
Amount on hand at last settlement	$ 540 33	
Cash for new insurance	1,422 91	
Amount assessment No. 10	6,866 56	8,829 80
EXPENDITURES—LOSSES PAID.		
A. J. Walters	$ 500 00	
Philip Pritsch	600 00	
George Lenz	500 00	
Anthony Gill	800 00	
Lawrence Schroth	767 00	
Charles Rhody	100 00	
John Endler	10 00	
Andrew Robinson	600 00	
OTHER EXPENSES.		
Secretary's fees	201 00	
Treasurer's salary	80 00	
Rent	40 00	
Agent's commission	294 75	
Commission on assessment No. 10	343 32	
Amount assessment No. 10 uncollected	294 86	
Premiums returned, Polices canceled	81 47	
Printing, postage, stationery, etc	157 43	
Compensation Executive Committee	45 00	
Expenses adjusting losses, etc	88 25	
Balance	3 327 02	$ 8,829 80

January 18, 1890, the foregoing report audited, found correct and approved.
JOHN LLOYD,
JOHN J. EVANS,
C. T. ROBERTS,
Executive Committee.
January 24, 1890.-4t.

We .·. Originate !

Others Imitate!

Good Flour, $1.15 per sack.
Chop, per sack, 99 cents.
Best Flour, xxx, $1.15 per sack.
15 cans of Tomatoes for $1 00.
10 cans of Corn for $1 00
14½ pounds best Granulated Sugar for $1.00.
15 pounds of Soft White Sugar for $1.00.
16½ pounds good Brown Sugar for $1.00.
Vienna Flour, per sack, $1.15.
Potatoes, 60 cents per bushel.
Shelled Corn, 53 cents per bushel.
Corn Meal, 25 pounds for 35 cents.
Full Cream Cheese, 12 cents per pound.
Swiss Cheese best, 14 cents a pound.
Turkey Prunes, 6 pounds for 25 cents.
Coffee, Arbuckles, 23 cents a pound.
Men's Brogans, 70 cents per pair.
Best Miners' Oil, 53 cents per gallon.
Mining Caps, 20 cents each.
Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes, $1 24 a pair.
Men's Dress Boots, $1 90 per pair.
Men's Dress Shoes $1 24 per pair.
Child's Pants, 25 cents a pair.
Men's Dress Pants, $1 98; worth $3 00.
Men's Dress Suits, $4.75, worth $8 00.
Overcoats at 50 cents on the dollar.
We have no opposition selling Pants at 60 cents.
Men's all-wool Underwear, red, at $ 00 a suit.
Shoulder, 6½ cents a pound.
Best Hams, 12½ cents per pound.
Red Flannel, 18 cents per yard.
Ladies' Dress Goods at 20 cents per yard. Is of excellent quality.
Table Linen, 20 cents per yard.
Men's Gum Boots, per pair, $2.25.
Boys' Gum Boots, per pair, $.145.
Good Rubber Shoes, 25 cents a pair.
Calicos, 5 cents per yard.
Black Cashmeres, best, double-with, at 50 cents per yard.
All kinds of Shawls.
Ginghams at 7 cents per yard.
Tricot Cloth for ladies' dresses at 40 cents per yard. Try it.
Fascinators at 22 cents.
Men's Dress Shirts, 50 cents each.
Men's Woolen Shirts, 75 cents each.
Men's Seal Caps at 90 cents each.
Why not get your boy a Suit? It will only cost you Ten Dollars.
Men's Black Corkscrew Suits at $9.00 each. Buy one.
Fine Overcoats for boys at $1.98 each.
Children's Shoes at 23 cents a pair.
Misses' Shoes, 11 to 2, 85 cents a pair.
Boys' Shoes, 1 to 5, 72 cents a pair.
Red xxx Flour, $1 15 per sack.
Good Blankets at 85 cents per pair.
Men's Neckties, 22 cents each.
Latest Styles Collars and Cuffs.
Umbrellas, silk, gold head, $1.74.
Horse Shoe Tobacco, 45 cents per pound.
Syrup, best, 45 cents per gallon.
Potatoes, best, 60 cents per bushel.
Overalls and Shirt, 90 cents a suit.

Buy what you may out of the above list of goods and if we don't save you 35 cents on the dollar by the transaction, don't deal with us. All goods delivered promptly.

GUS. SIMON,

Retail Merchant at Wholesale Prices, - - Gallitzin, Pa.

MASON & HAMLIN
ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

NEW MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2244.	Contains a five octave, Nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $99 cash; also sold on the Easy Hire System at $12 37 per quarter, for ten quarters, when organ becomes property of person hiring.
MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS.	The Mason & Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos exclusively. Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune characterize these instruments.

POPULAR STYLES ORGANS AT $22, $32.50, $60, $70, $96, AND UP.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments, and Rented. Catalogues free.
Oct. 4, 1889-4t.

B. & B.

A January Clearance Sale Inaugurated on an Extensive Scale.

We must largely reduce these stocks before our Annual Inventory, February 1, and will make the prices effectual in doing it. Now for bargains, and real live ones.

At $1.00
50 pieces 21 inch Guinet Black Dress Silks, which we feel confident in recommending as having more service-giving qualities than any $1 Silk ever sold. We are willing to stand comparison of it with any $1.25 quality.

DRESS GOODS BARGAINS.—Large lot (probably 100 pieces) of elegant quality Imported Plaids, Stripes and Mixtures $1.00 and $1.25 qualities, now marked 50 cents for this Clearance sale,

At 15 cents,
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Also 36 inch Tricots at 25 cents, full of service and handsome in appearance.

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76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beach. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN CONRAD.
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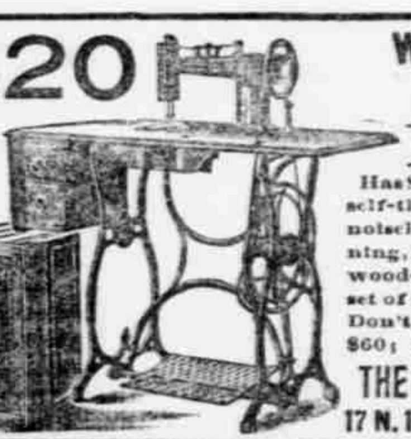

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FOR SALE.—House and 5 to 6 acres of land in Summerhill township, known as the Alex Fresh property. Inquire of
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Mongolian Coffins.

The heaviest wooden coffins used in the world are those of the Chinese, and coffinmaking is one of the leading industries in every Chinese city. Coffins cost all the way from $5 to $55,000, and your rich Mandarin will have his burial casket lacquered inside and out, and his funeral will cost a small fortune. If he is over sixty he will keep his coffin on hand, so as to have it ready in case of his death; and if he has a dutiful son this coffin may possibly be a birthday gift from the boy. Many an old Chinaman keeps his coffin in his parlor. The wood of the Chinese coffin is from four to six inches thick, and a coffin weighs hundreds of pounds. It is usually carried on a sort of frame work of poles to the grave, and it is accompanied by a band of music and professional mourners. The man is laid at full length within it and a lot of stuff is buried with it. Each of his nearest relatives is supposed to bring a silk coverlet to put over the body, and a dozen silk quilts are sometimes packed in above the corpse. The thing that the corpse liked most in life is buried with him, and many Chinamen save the parings of their nails and the combings of their hair in order that they may be put at their feet when they lie in their coffins. In the mouth of the body a piece of gold or silver or copper is placed. It is dressed in silk and is often decked with jewels.

Grave robbing is so severely punished in China that there is little danger of the coffin being disturbed. In case the family is too poor to own a burial mound or to stand the expenses of the funeral, the coffin is kept in the house until they can raise money enough to put it under the ground in good style. A tutor employed at the American legation in Peking has had the coffin containing his father's body in his house for at least two years, and he has not yet been able to raise enough money to bury it. Before he picks out a burial spot he will, like all Chinamen, get a fortune-teller to choose a lucky place for him, and he will go periodically to the grave and burn some paper money over it and some suits of paper clothes to keep the spirit of his father warm, and will place some food before it that his father may have a ghostly feast during the night. Japanese coffins are often made of burnt clay in the shape of large jars. The body is all doubled up when it is squeezed into the coffin, and it is buried in a sitting posture. The coffins of Japanese babies are little pine boxes, and in the case of the poorer classes it is not uncommon to pack them full of lime in order that the bodies may decay more quickly. Sometimes tubs of pine hooped with bamboo are used for coffins, and the coffins are broken with the spade of the undertaker as he puts them in the earth. The Burmese coffin is a flimsy affair made of the lightest wood nailed roughly together. In the case of the richer dead it is covered with gilt paper, and it is carried to the grave with fantastic dances and doleful music. The funeral ceremonies are much the same as the Chinese, and for seven days after the burial the family sit on the ground and sleep upon mats. All over the East this same mortification of the flesh is practiced by the relations of the dead, and grief for departed friends is fully as bitter in Asia as in the United States.

The Dwarfs of Central Africa.

The fact now seems clearly demonstrated that at various spots across the great African continent, within a few degrees north and south of the equator, extending from the Atlantic coast to near the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and perhaps even further to the east, are scattered communities of these small negroes, all much resembling each other in size, appearance and habits, and dwelling mostly apart from their larger neighbors, by whom they are everywhere surrounded. Our information about them is still very scanty, and to obtain more would be a worthy object of ambition for the scientific traveler. In many parts, especially at the West, they are obviously holding their own with difficulty, if not actually disappearing, and there is much about their condition of civilization and the situations in which they are found to induce us to look upon them, like the Bushmen of South Africa and the equally diminutive Negritos of the Indo-Malayan region, as the remains of a population which occupied the land before the incoming of the present dominant races. If the account of the Nasamonians be accepted as historical, the river they came to, flowing from west to east, must have been the Niger, and the northward range of the dwarfish people was far more extensive twenty-three centuries ago than it is at the present time.

Humorous.

A cat has nine lives and occasionally a kit-ten.

Pan-America—one they fry beefsteak in.

A swallow tail—The story of Jonah and the whale.

A man who wants to get at the root of a matter is not necessarily a hog.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, but most of us have pains elsewhere.

Tramps are very much like cheap print goods. They won't wash, but will run.

It is strange that the man who is dead in love with himself should be hated by everybody who knows him.

"Good morning, Mr. Good. When did you get to town? How did you leave your wife?" "Left her talkin'."

"Last week I had such a pain all over me. It was terrible, I tell you, a doctor might have made his fortune out of me then."

First Small Boy—We had a fire at our house last night. Second Small Boy—That so? F. S. B.—Yes. Pa fired sister's beau.

Fond mother—You should remember, my child, the little birds in their nests agree. Johnny—but every once in a while one of 'em falls out. I'm that one.

The average human life in Rome, under Cæsar, was eighteen years; now it is forty.

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OLD HONESTY
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The Cedars of Lebanon.

The cedars of Mount Lebanon are, perhaps, the best known monuments in the world. Distinguished men have visited them, and their story is told over and over again. There are grave doubts, however, whether the cedar so often mentioned in the Bible was the tree now called the Cedar of Lebanon. There is no doubt that the cedars of Lebanon in more modern times have been the objects of veneration. The most experienced observer who has seen the cedars on Mount Lebanon is Sir Joseph Hooker, who visited Syria in 1860 for the purpose of examining the grove, in regard to which little was known scientifically up to that time. An account of this visit was published in the *Natural History Review* in January, 1862, with the author's views upon the specific rank and the origin of the different species or forms of the genus. The number of trees is about 400, and these are disposed in nine groups, corresponding with as many hummocks of the range of moraines. They are of various sizes, from about 18 inches to upward of 40 feet in girth; but the most remarkable and significant fact connected with their size, and consequently with the age of the grove, is that there is no tree of less than 18 inches girth, and no young trees, bushes or even seedlings of a second year's growth. It was supposed, until comparatively recent times, that all the cedars left upon the earth were in the famous grove, but now they are known to occur upon different chains of the Taurus, where with other trees, they form extensive forests; while as late as 1865 Mr. Jessup, an American missionary, discovered five large groves in the Lebanon itself, three east of Ain Zahalteh, in the southern Lebanon, one of which was said to contain 100,000 trees. Other groves were also discovered at this time, so that upon the Lebanon alone the cedar is known in ten distinct localities.

The Acme of Valor.

The presentation of an American flag to the grammar school of Bangor reminds me of a similar occurrence which took place in a Maine village in the summer of 1863. A company of volunteers, being about to depart for the State capital, was drawn up on the green to receive a flag that had been made by the patriotic members of the local sewing circle. The village pastor made a sensible presentation speech, and the banner was received by the captain of the company, who handed it to the color-bearer, a witty Irishman. Then facing the worthy pastor and his fair flock, the embarrassed captain proceeded to acknowledge the gift as follows:

"Reverened sir and laides: This beautiful flag which I see before me——"

"It's behind yez, captain," interrupted the color-bearer.

"Which I see behind me," amended the blushing officer, "stands for something more than the emblem of a powerful nation. It is beauty's tribute to valor, and as such it is doubly dear to the gallant hearts around me. In thanking you for your gift, ladies, we pledge ourselves faithfully to defend it. At the close of the campaign, those of us who are spared, will bring this flag back to you, unless it is blown to atoms by shot from the enemy, in which event we'll—we'll—"

"We'll bring thim back the pole!" shouted the enthusiastic Irishman, to the delight of the crowd and the relief of the superior officer.

Facts for Farmers.

The Lancaster *Examiner* says: "The transportation question is one of ever pressing importance to the farmers everywhere; the cost of getting their products to market is a matter of deep concern. It is a great mistake, however, to begin and end with the items of railway freights. There are other items which enter into the calculation, and not the least important is the expense of getting grain and other products from the farm to the railway station.

"An exchange reports that very careful estimates have been made by professed experts, who have reached the conclusion that the average cost of hauling 100 bushels of grain one mile over country roads is 60 cents. That is to say, it costs the farmer 20 cents a ton per mile to haul his grain from the farm to the point of shipment. The average cost of hauling 100 bushels of wheat one mile by rail is one-third cent; so that, with very liberal allowance for errors of calculation as to the cost of teaming, it costs as much to carry a crop of wheat from the farm to the railway station as it does to carry it to market by rail. Here is a most potent argument in favor of better country roads. Millions might be saved annually to the farmers of the United States if they could only be induced to improve the highways which connect their farms with the shipping points by river, rail and canal. Bad roads cost them a great deal more than they have any conception of.

An Elephant's Sagacity.

The stories illustrating the sagacity of the elephant are innumerable; but few are more remarkable than the following one recorded by the writer in a Bombay paper upon the authority of an artillery officer, who was a witness of the incident: The battering train going to the seige of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river that resembles other rivers in the East, which leave during the summer season but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught and abounding in quicksand.

It happened that an artilleryman, who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

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It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 38 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.
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Respectfully,
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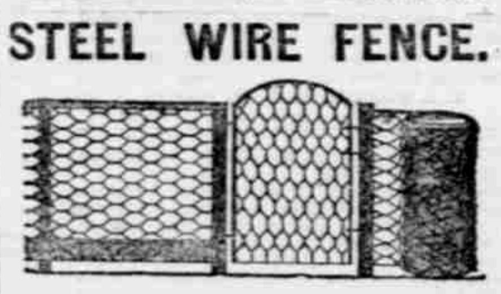

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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE
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How Whisky Was Discovered.

Some quaint characters can be found in odd places of this great cosmopolitan city now and then. I met one of them driving a street-car on the Eighth Avenue Line last night. He is a Welshman named Evan Jones—little iron gray old man, with keen black eyes and a highly roseate nose. He was a school teacher in his own country, a revenue officer in Ireland, an accountant in Bombay in an English shipping house, and now drives his car with the profane and cynical cheerfulness which characterizes old drivers, old printers and old night watchmen.

"I learned a new thing about whiskey last night," he said to me yesterday, as I stepped on the front platform of his car.

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, how it was made first," he replied, as he pulled his old waterproof through the guardrail in front and bit off a piece of plug. "It was a monk who first invented it. He lived all alone in a little hole in the rocks. For years he had lived there. He was a man of piety and learning, could read the stars and foretell eclipses and storms and hard winters. He knew every herb and flower in the fields and could concoct some powerful cordials and medicines. He could set broken bones and cure diseases and he was as kind-hearted as a child, and never harmed as much as a field mouse. All the same, the people would have nothing to do with him.

They avoided him, except now and then, when some mischievous lad would roll a rock down the mountain sides against his hut or else stone his old shaggy dog. No one ever said a kind word to him, and he might have died and no one would have been near him. Then he invented whisky. First the people smelled it, and they used to hang around to see what it was, and one day the monk found a poor fellow sick and cold and gave him a drink, and then a little flask to carry away. In a week the monk had more friends than an alderman with a pull. The people almost took his arm off shaking hands. They built him a fine little stone house and he could have founded a monastary and grown rich, but he wouldn't, but kept on making the whisky until he died.

"Where did I learn that?" said the old man, after he had paused to say something sarcastic about a woman who wanted the car to stop on the wrong side of the crossing. "Why, there were two old ducks got on the car late last night, and both where pretty full. One was an Englishman and the other an Irishman, and it was the Englishman who told the story about the monk and he wound up with: "And this happened in Ireland, an' the monk was an Englishman,, an' the only time an Irishman is ever a friend to an Englishman is when the Englishman has the bottle.'

" 'Ah' said the Irishman, 'be off wid ye. The first time Irishmen ever saw whisky was at the battle of Ballymacleugh, where the Saxons put up a bad job on 'em. It was but a short time after the days of St. Patrick an' five thousand Irishmen came down upon the English and would have ate 'em but for their thricks: The English filled the trenches wid buckets of whisky, and the Irishmen drank it an' got to fighting among themselves, and that is the way the Englishman first bate us and brought throuble on Ireland.'

" 'Yes,' said the Englishman, 'you give an Irishman a drink an' he'll fight his own father.'

" 'An' if an' Englishman offers a man a drink look out for him, he wants to do'im, moind that,' said the Irishman.

"An' that's the way they kept it up all the way down the street, said the driver.

"They were both good-natured and when they got off it was to take a drink and wait for the next car."

Cowhide Horseshoes.

In England, and on many parts of the continent, they have been for a long time using the Yates horseshoe, one made by compressing common cowhide. It is compressed of three thicknesses of the cowskin pressed into a steel mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it is much lighter, that it lasts longer and that split hoofs are never known in horses using it. It is perfectly smooth on the bottom, no calks being required, the shoe adhering firmly on the most polished surface. Its elasticity prevents many sprains, the horses' steps being lighter and surer. Straw treated, with chemicals unknown, has been used for horseshoes for centuries in Japan. Perhaps some American genius will give us a paper horseshoe.—who knows?

A Feature of Mexico.

A great feature of Mexico is the parks, or plazas, as they call them. No matter how small the town or poor the houses they will have a beautiful plaza and in the evening they will have bands of music and singing. I never heard a poor band while I was in Mexico.

The language is the softest and most beautiful I ever heard, and listening to them talking or singing in the plazas you seem to be in a land of poetry.

A SOUTH CAROLINA man who was curious to know just how much stuff an alligator could get away with when he felt well fed out the hind quarter of a sow, seven chickens, a sheep, four geese and a hog's head before the reptile backed water. The cow and sheep and poultry had died of poison, but this didn't trouble the alligator any.

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A MAN who cannot be on friendly terms with his horses is not fit to own, handle or in any manner manage the faithful creatures.

THE NEWS
OF THE DAY
HOW TO GET IT
—AND—
WHERE TO GET IT.
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As a family newspaper THE POST will stand without a peer. Its fiction department will continue to be one the most attractive in the country. The serial novels for which contracts for 1890 have already been made are the products of some of the foremost writers of the world. There will be several of these novels in the course of a year, and in book form any one of them would cost more than a year's subscription to THE POST.
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Gallantry Rewarded.

Billy Emerson, the minstrel, while attending a theatrical performance in London, saw a lady drop her programme from the box she occupied.

"I picked it up," he goes on to relate, "and handed it to her. She was a great swell, I could see, and I noticed that she looked at me pretty hard. 'Hullo,' thinks I, 'I guess I've made a mash.' I had on a bang up suit and looked pretty natty. So I looked at my lady again with a sort of half eye. Just then the curtain went down and she made a beckoning motion with her head. 'Aha!' I says to myself, 'I've made an impression on her royals.' I leaned forward and I'll be smashed to pulp if she didn't hand me a sixpence.

" 'What's this for?' said I.

" 'Ah, you were kind enough to hand me my programme,' she said.

"Well, you can bet I was mad.

" 'Excuse me madam,' said I, putting the coin on the edge of the box, 'I am an American!' "

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

The hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August, the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degs., night or day, and to run up as high has 128 degs. in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the center of the torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers, who dive to the bottom and fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles away.

Fish From Underground.

A fish story comes from Santa Rosa, Cal.: A well has been dug on the ranch of John Walker, who lives a few miles west of that city, which is a marvel to the neighbors. In drawing water thousands of eyeless fish, ranging from half an inch to six inches in length have been taken out. Occasionally the bucket is drawn up half full of fish. No subterranean inlet to the well has yet been discovered. The well is about 15 miles from the ocean, and a chain of mountains intervene. This is a reminder of the wonderful eyeless fish that were swimming in the water of the lower levels of the Savage mines some years ago, and for specimens of which a number of eastern scientists sent orders to Superintendent Osbiston.

WISCONSIN has a law requiring the extermination of the Canada thistle, burdock, oxeye daisy, toadflax, cocklebur, sow thistle and dock, and binds city mayors, town officers and weed commissioners to a strict accountability, under heavy penalties, for neglect to carry out its provisions. It is made the duty of the clerk of each town to read the act aloud to the town board at every annual meeting.

A NOVEL method of determining the temperature of the air at great heights has been proposed by a German physicist, and it is to be adopted by the Berlin Society for Ballooning. Small balloons are sent up at night, each provided with a thermometer arranged to flashes of light by the closing of an electric circuit when certain temperatures are reached. A so-called "photo theodolite" is affected by the light, and gives a photographic record of the temperatures, while the corresponding altitudes are indicated in a mechanical way. A more accurate idea of the rate of decrease of temperature with height is expected from this method.

THE growth of racing in the United States has been phenomenal. Ten years ago, or in 1879, the total money raced for amounted to $308,636, and this sum included the owners' entrance money to stakes and purses. Last year the jockey clubs hung up the princely sum of $2,379,192, over $2,000,000 more than was raced for in 1870, and $500,000 in excess of 1888. No less than 4,939 races were run last year. This extraordinary growth of racing has increased the value of home-bred stock, and whereas a few years ago $3,000 was considered a high price for the pick of the most renowned breeding farms, as much as $38,000 was paid for a yearling in 1888.

IN Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross formed of several straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands, their forearm and chests, as well as their shoulders, their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule, women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of seven and eight that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig-tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from the sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purpose of face painting.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Oothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.